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The Reporter

September 23, 1954

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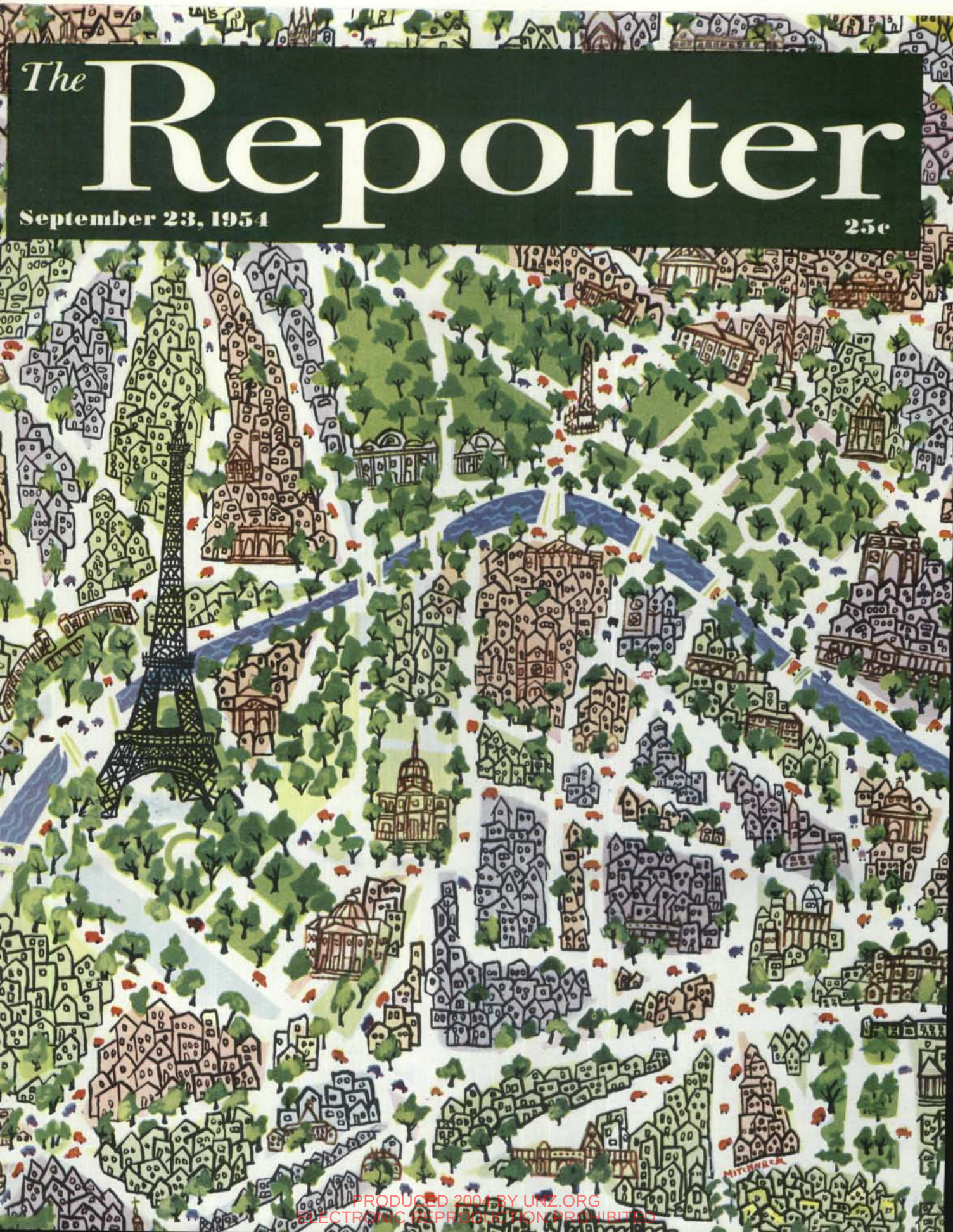

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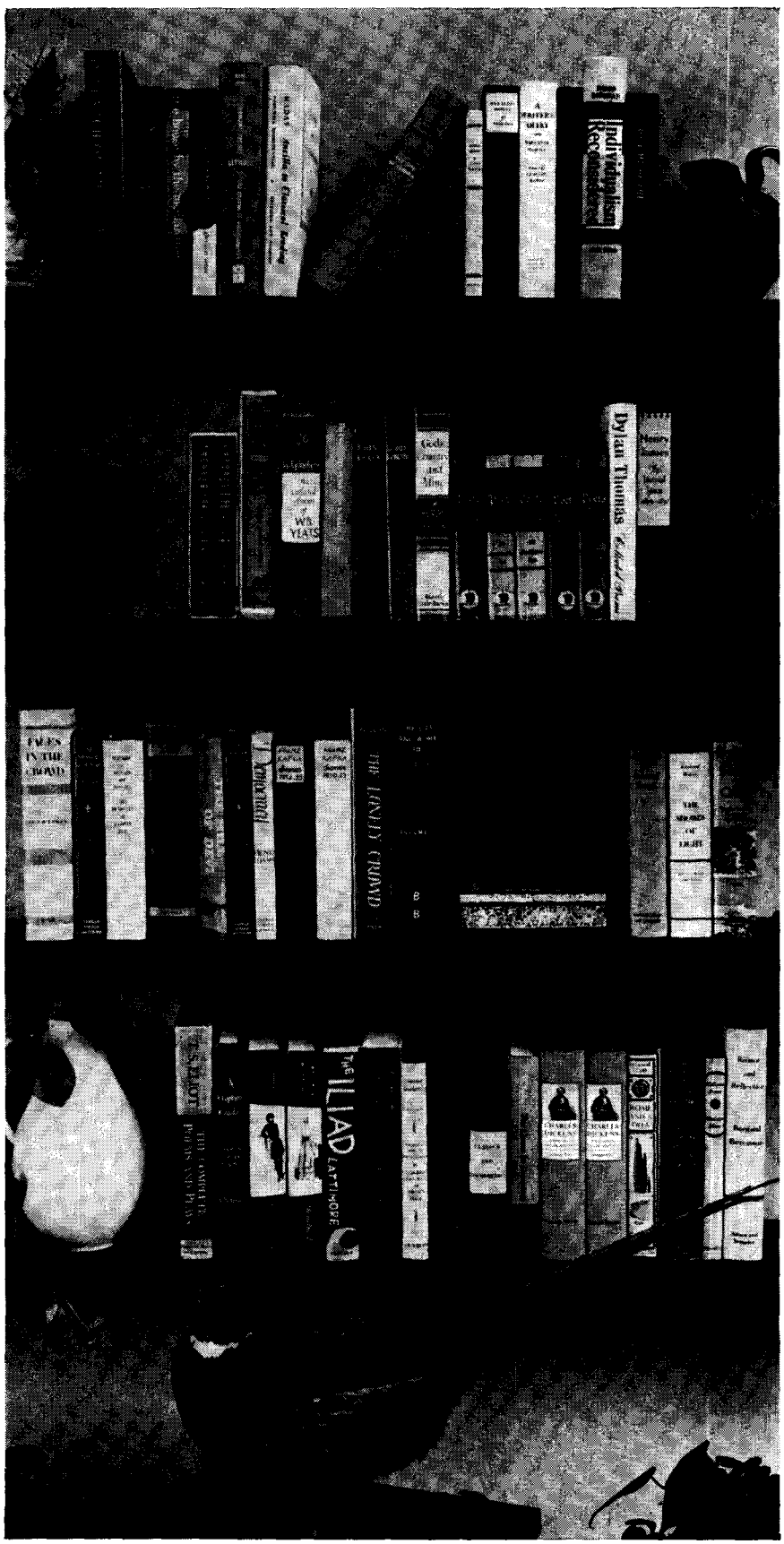

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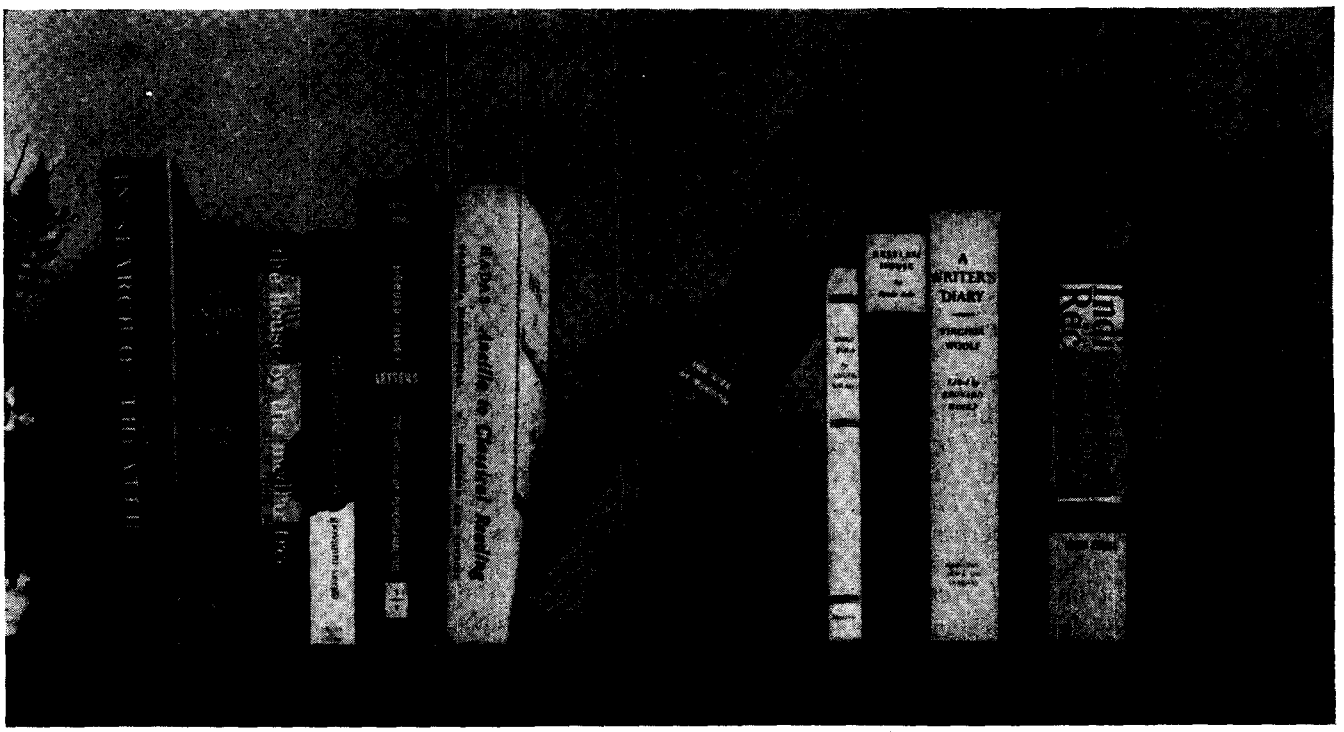

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Reply to Senator Bridges

On August 19, Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire attacked The Reporter *in a speech on the floor of the Senate* (Congressional Record, *August 19, pages 14472 to 14480*). *The following paragraphs are excerpted from Max Ascoli's reply, which Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York inserted in the* Congressional Record *of September 3, pages A6583 to A6585. To those of our readers who are interested we shall be glad to send the full texts of Senator Bridges' speech and Max Ascoli's reply.*

THE OCCASION for [Senator Bridges'] speech was an article published in our issue of July 20, entitled "Senator Styles Bridges and His Far-flung Constituents." The Senator called this article "one of the most vicious smears ever directed at a man in public life." He made no allusion to the facts of the article but confined himself to denying "every implication, insinuation, or innuendo." He attacked the magazine's reputation, its staff, and myself. He called into question our loyalty as American citizens and our professional integrity as journalists. He accused me, personally, of ingratitude to the country which gave me political refuge; he questioned my financial honesty; he charged me with harboring the intent to undermine our democratic institutions. . . .

In his speech, Senator Bridges . . . called "the illustrious roll of those who have received a smear citation from this journalistic disgrace called *Reporter.*" The roll is headed by the name of Dwight D. Eisenhower. This I do resent . . . After his inaugural address we wrote: ". . . it was a great and noble speech, which expressed the best that is in the speaker himself and in the people he leads . . . And we love to be among the apparently not too many people naïve enough to be deeply moved by what the President said."

In [another] editorial . . . I wrote: ". . . On April 16, the former Allied Commander in Europe, the man who one year ago was still the NATO chief, proved that his capacity to rally the nation and the world is still utterly unimpaired. . . ."

In its issue after the President's message to the U.N. the cover line on *The Reporter* magazine read "The President Takes the Lead," and my editorial said: . . . "On this magazine it did our hearts good to applaud the President heartily." . . .

Senator Bridges said: "In their magazine, there is no room for honest differences of opinion." He forgot that we have published articles by men with whom we have some difference of opinion, like Representative Hugh Scott, for instance, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee, just as we have frequently praised men whose views on many problems differed from our own. This was the case with Senator Millikin of Colorado, Senator Capehart of Indiana, and, incidentally, Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas and Senator Russell of Georgia, who expressed their sympathy with Senator Bridges when he attacked *The Reporter.*

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THE HEART of Senator Bridges' argument, I think, is to be found in the following passage: "With them [*The Reporter's* staff] the technique is smear and vicious attack – the technique we have come to know so well as used by those who follow the Communist Party line as fellow travelers and bedfellows. . . ."

I must write about the "captain of this evil crew"—myself. He said I had been "several times jailed" in Italy for my "socialistic activities." The fact is that I have been jailed only once, and that most certainly not for "socialistic activities." This occurred on April 30, 1928, when, together with some other Italian anti-Fascist university professors, I was arrested, as far as I and my fellow prisoners could make out, for no other reason than a summons to repent or else. I was kept in jail about three weeks, and when released I

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Small bombs, small things—some boats, another plane;
We fire a burst. Another incident.

Computing monster brain, humming away
In the halls of higher learning, tell us how many
Incidents can be fed you before you flash
That sum called "war."

—SEC

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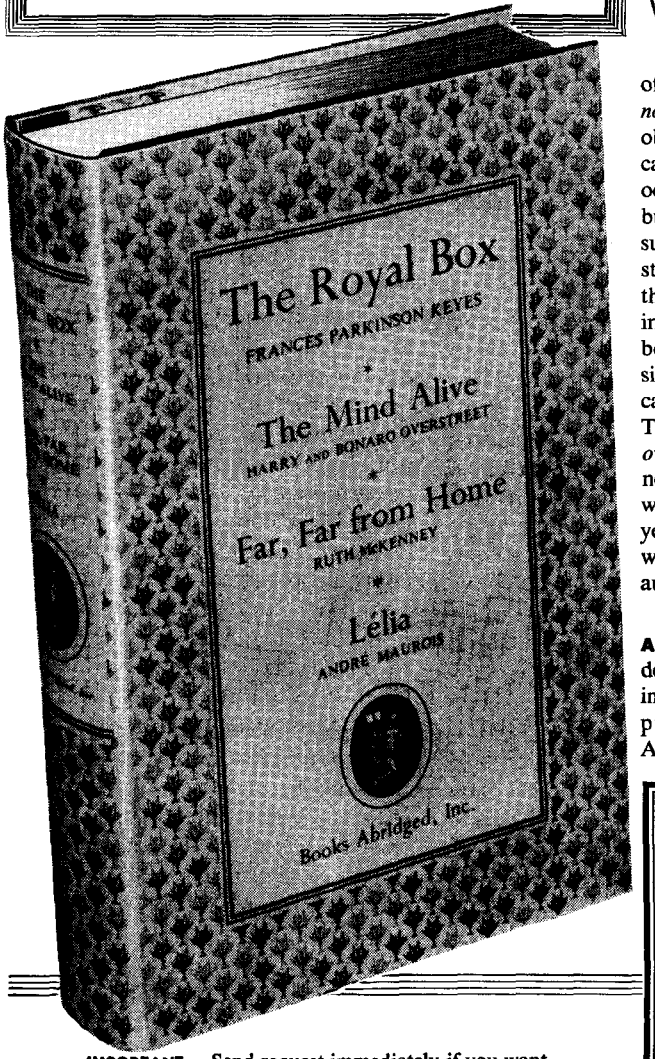

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was asked to write a letter to Mussolini in which I would announce my conversion to the Fascist faith. I did no such thing and was kept under strict police supervision from then until I left Italy in September, 1931.

In the spring of 1931, when I was the only remaining member of my university who refused to join the Fascist Association of University Teachers, I was offered a Rockefeller fellowship by the representative of the Rockefeller Foundation in Italy, Professor Luigi Einaudi, now President of the Italian Republic. Two years later, I joined the Graduate Faculty of the New School in New York. Later I became Dean of the Faculty. The list of my "agreeable associates and companions" mentioned by Senator Bridges is about as peculiar as the "roll" of statesmen *The Reporter* has "smeared." Earl Browder, who heads the list, gave one (1) lecture at the New School in the fall of 1938 at a current-events course where representatives of *all* political parties were invited, including Lawrence Dennis, then leader of the American Fascists.

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ENTIRELY out of context, Senator Bridges quotes from a book, *Intelligence in Politics*, which I published in 1936. He cites the following sentence: "The intellectuals know better than any other group how to enjoy a civilization and how to undermine it." He vehemently proceeds: "Shades of Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, and Klaus Fuchs; from the grave and from prison they applaud." Had the Senator proceeded in his reading from that sentence, all those shades would have remained unsummoned, for the point that follows is that when the intellectuals undermine democracy, they bring about their own enslavement. . . .

In 1948 I published another book, *The Power of Freedom*. Alf M. Landon, Republican Presidential candidate in the 1936 election, wrote to the publisher as follows: "It is seldom that I have read a book so provocative of thinking and yet capturing your interest from start to finish. I think I will be reading and re-reading it many times."

Charles P. Taft wrote: "His own solution in freedom as the dynamic relation of men to their work, to their institutions and to each other, is not far from the effective processes worked out during these last twenty-five years by our university research in industrial relations, but he has given it a much wider foundation in intelligent philosophy, and in sound and practical politics."

In the *Daily Worker*, David Carpenter wrote: ". . . As a spokesman for the maintenance of the capitalistic system, he [Ascoli] is explaining to our ruling class how to delude the working class into a belief that this system is the best conceivable." . . .

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SENATOR Bridges does not omit, mentioning a loan of $4,600,000, that "he [Ascoli] receives from the Export-Import Bank what would appear to be a loan, but was later termed by his Italian handicraft company as a grant . . . of which $2,900,000 was disbursed, and the rest withheld because of the shaky position of his Italian handicraft company, which was unable to repay the loan." The facts are as follows: At the end of 1944, I started a nonprofit corporation, called HDI (Handicraft Development, Inc.) to assist the Italian handicraft producers—a substantial section of the Italian working class—and help them export their products to the United States. As a result of the good work HDI did as unpaid brokers between Italian producers and American consumers, the Export-Import Bank offered the Italian government a loan to be administered by a company, the Compania Nazionale Artigiana, established to continue on a commercial basis the nonprofit work HDI had been doing. The loan—as all the Export-Import Bank loans—was guaranteed by the Italian government. Mr. William McChesney Martin, Jr., the chairman of the Export-Import Bank, in order to have a continuity established between the work of HDI and that of CNA, wrote me in a letter dated December 3, 1947, that HDI should subscribe part of the CNA capital and be represented on the board of directors. Later, when I severed my connection with the Italian company, Mr. Herbert E. Gaston, then chairman of the Ex-

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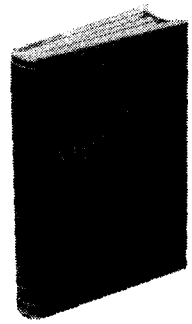

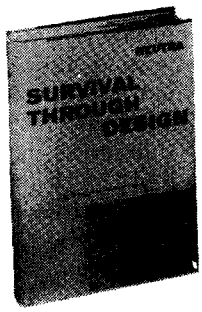

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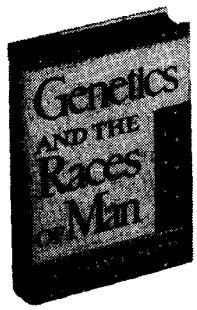

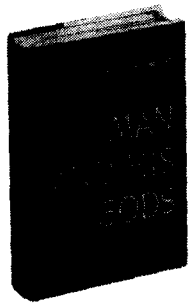

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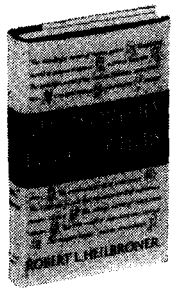

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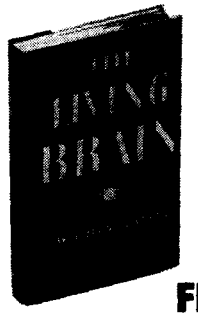

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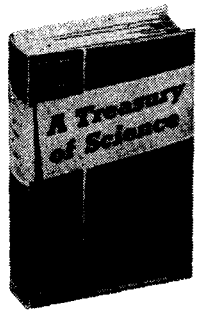

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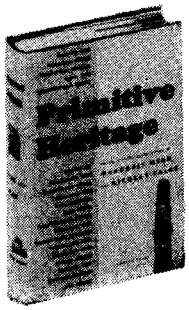

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port-Import Bank wrote me on June 3, 1952: "You can be sure that we appreciate your self-sacrificing efforts to make the handicraft experiment a success and are grateful for them." Finally, let me add that the loan was *never* "termed" a grant and that it has been in fact substantially reimbursed . . . .

•

As for myself, I can only say that I am proud to be one of the countless men who, fleeing the loss of freedom in their native lands, have found in America a new home and a new hope. Since I first landed over here I have considered American citizenship as a precious privilege to be constantly cherished and constantly earned. For me, the way to earn this privilege is to dedicate all my energies to the defense of freedom, for I have known what it means to lose it. This I will keep doing as long as I live.

•

Mr. Attlee's Reconnaissance

Judging from the original reactions of the U.S. press, the Attlee mission to Moscow and Peking was variously a piece of perfidy, an act of appeasement, or, at the very least, a lamentable blow to U.S.-British relations. There is a curious irony in these comments. For years now the United States has inveighed against the Iron and Bamboo Curtains as impenetrable obstacles to the free communication required by the free world the United States has hoped to lead. Today we seem far more disposed to denounce any penetration of these barriers, even in pursuit of one of the traditional aims of diplomacy—the study of the enemy. At Geneva, while members of the U.S. delegation were sitting on their hands and keeping a stiff neck lest a nod be mistaken for diplomatic recognition, the British (not to mention the French) were engaging in communication, public and private, official and unofficial. The British, it seems, cling to the old-fashioned view that negotiation without accurate information is apt to be a fruitless business if not a risky one, and that communication is essential to both.

Certainly Mr. Attlee has been doing a great deal of talking, beginning no doubt with a quiet chat with Mr. Churchill well in advance of announcing his trip. (In matters of high national policy bipartisanship for the British is rather a political fact than a pretense.) In Moscow he talked with Malenkov, Molotov, and Khrushchev, and in Peking to Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and others. Mr. Attlee has also been talking with Mr. Bevan for several years (and Nye has been talking with Clem) without visibly fatal results to either.

Much of the talk Attlee heard in China was silly and useless propaganda, and he was shown the usual Communist landscape of Potemkin villages. Some of the talk was informative, some outrageous. But communication is a two-way street. The talk Mr. Attlee put out was also a mixture of politesse and propaganda. But it contained a few firm warnings and some astute and divisive remarks on the differences between the leaders of Red China and the "career Communists" of Moscow or "the Communist stooges in the satellite countries." If Washington was slow to get the point, Moscow was not. Shortly after Mr. Attlee left Hong Kong on his way home, *Pravda* denounced him as a tool of reactionary circles in the United States and Britain.

Mr. Attlee's little experiment in communication might well have had its uses. If we are going to peacefully exist—let alone peacefully coexist—we might do worse than to set about establishing our own lines of communication.

•

Victim of Nameless Accusers

On September 1, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air James H. Smith, Jr., announced that Abraham Chasanow, the "Bernard Goldsmith" of *The Reporter's* story "Victim of Nameless Accusers" (March 2, 1954), had been cleared of all charges as a security risk and given back his job in the Navy's Hydrographic Office. It took two full hearings, at least one complete review board, several conferences in the Assistant Secretary's office, a determined lawyer, the publication of the *Reporter* story, attention from the rest of the press, and thirteen months without pay for the Navy to deter-

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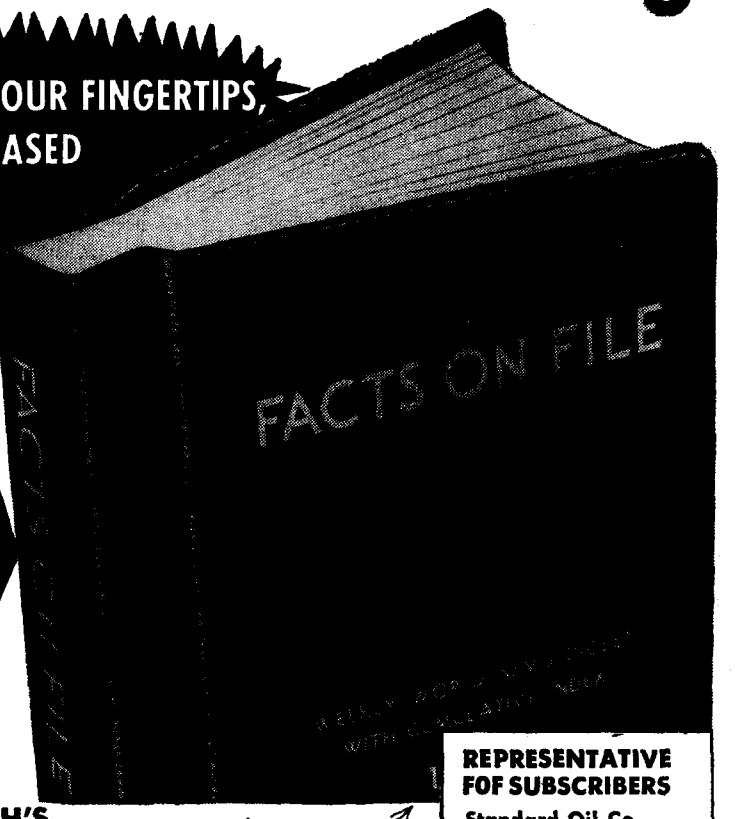

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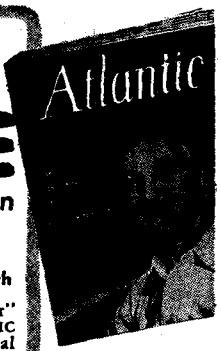

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mine that Chasanow was an "above-average loyal American citizen."

We admire Assistant Secretary Smith's frank admission that the Navy's reversal in the Chasanow case indicates need for a review of its security procedures.

●

Be Kind to Buildings

General William M. Creasy, new head of the Army's Chemical and Bacteriological Warfare Division, as quoted in the New York *World-Telegram and Sun:* "Actually our weapons are the most humane there are. We can tailor them to the exact needs of the situation. We can kill the enemy or we can make him sick and knock him out for a fixed period of time. And we don't destroy property."

●

Thin Gruel

The Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty took only three days to negotiate. It is being hailed as a "triumph" (New York *Times*). After a summer in which half of Indo-China was lost, EDC was defeated, and the rift between the United States and Britain widened. We are ready to make a triumph out of very thin gruel. But really, just what was accomplished at Manila?

A NATO for Asia has long been a Washington dream. But NATO was rooted in a common need, strongly felt, to defend Europe by putting all the defense forces under a supreme commander. Preceded by the Marshall Plan, NATO came into being because the nations most concerned were already sure that defense and prosperity were jobs to be tackled in common. At Manila there was no such conviction. Indeed, several of the countries most concerned were not there at all. The countries present included only two on the mainland of Asia—Thailand and Pakistan. The absence of India, Burma, and Indonesia—any one of which would have given a more "Asian" cast to the meeting—merely advertised the shortage of American friends on the Southeast Asian mainland.

Among the representatives who did come, there evidently was little common feeling. They could not agree even on who was the enemy. The American delegation finally had to add a paragraph stating its own "understanding" that the treaty had to do with stopping aggression by Communists. The treaty speaks of co-operative "economic measures." But there has never been, and there is not now, an economic problem in that area that can be solved in common. There was something almost farcical about this effort to preach in Asia, where the basis for co-operation doesn't exist, the co-operation that is needed in Europe but isn't being practiced there.

What came out of it, of course, was a weak treaty. An armed attack on any of the members is not "an attack against . . . all," as in NATO. Each of the eight nations merely agreed that such an attack would "endanger its own peace and safety."

If, dealing with such Asian partners as will deal with us, we can help them develop strong national governments, we will be striking a blow for Asia's defense. The trouble is that Americans may neglect this task in the illusion that we now have a NATO in Asia. We don't.

●

Watered Down

We are indebted to one of our alert correspondents for the following item from the Mamaroneck, New York, *Daily Times:*

"The future defenders of America at West Point and Annapolis are getting a 'Russian prescribed dose of fluoride poison in their tap water,' George Racey Jordan, former Air Force major at Great Falls, Mont., said last night at the opening session of the thirtieth annual Westchester County American Legion Convention at Legion Hall, Mamaroneck.

"Major Jordan . . . stated that the introduction of chemical fluorides into water is 'pictured as being good for little children's teeth, but I know it to be a very secret Russian revolutionary technique to deaden our minds, slow our reflexes and gradually kill our will to resist aggression.' . . .

"'Let us stop,' he said, 'worrying about the bombs, it's the boobs on whom we must concentrate our attention.'"

That last point is worth thinking about.

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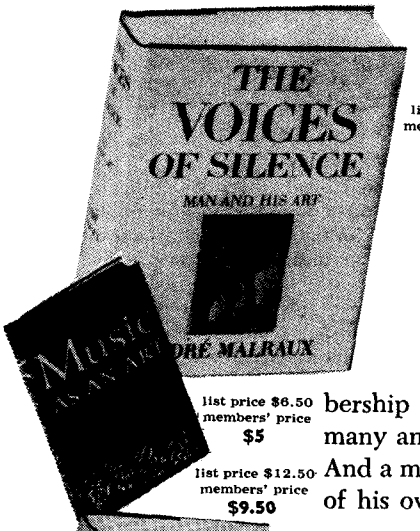

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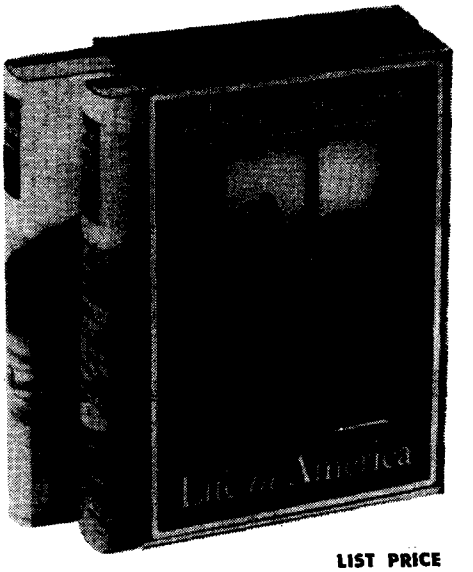

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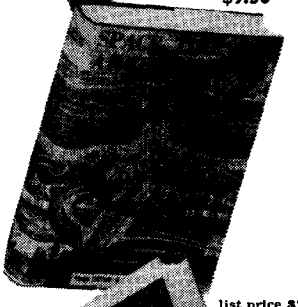

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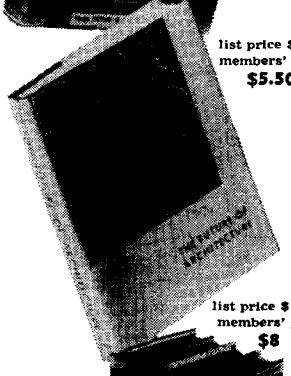

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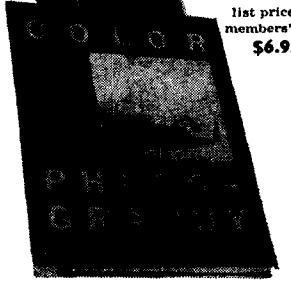

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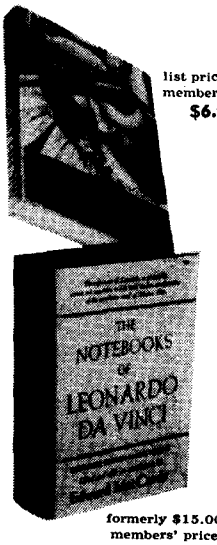

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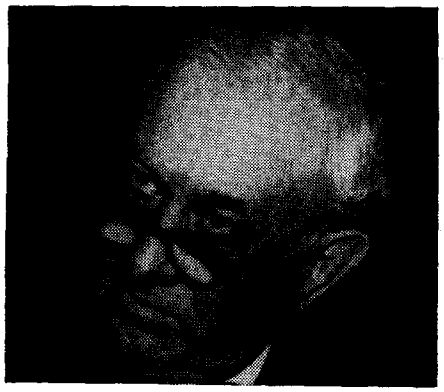

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(We have received more thoughtful letters commenting on "Piety Along the Potomac" by William Lee Miller [The Reporter, *August 17*] *than on any other recent article. The following selection is representative.)*

To the Editor: William Lee Miller's incisive commentary on the holiness hucksters of contemporary Washington was certainly a welcome, though incomplete, antidote for the embarrassment and nausea induced by these recent gimmicks of our political strategists. I say incomplete because this piety we are concerned with may be only partly a product of expediency. It is conceivable that it is fundamentally but an outcropping of the old and universal affliction: acute self-righteousness, that inevitable fuel behind all crusades.

H. F. SALMON
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Your correspondent, William Lee Miller, religious pundit bizarre of Smith College, endeavors to describe in typical dilettante language what is going on "pietistically" along the Potomac, and I should say, as an ex-effete Easterner, he has done as good a job as could be expected from where he perches in his ivory tower there at blasé Smith.

But to some of us who come from the more sanguine West, his description, with its attendant understatements, could hardly be expected to evoke much enthusiasm. Some of us feel that what is going on in Washington has within it the seeds of national redemption despite the fact that what is going on does not quite measure up to Brother Miller's phlegmatic demand for reformation.

At last religion has been able to extricate itself from the stuffy atmosphere of cathedrals and narthexes and has invaded "the smoke-filled rooms" of hotel lobbies where the affairs of state are said to be decided. Perhaps even there, some incense may rise up to the transcendent nostrils of God. Who knows?

FRANK NELSON
Secretary
California Prohibition Party
Pasadena, California

To the Editor: I have two observations to make. One, a reminder to the party founded by Lincoln of the anecdote concerning the great Republican's relation to his God. When asked about his hopes of being armed with God's Right, Lincoln said he hoped not that God was on his side, but that he, Lincoln, was on God's.

My second observation is best expressed by Matthew VI, 5-6:

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Perhaps the trouble with the official crusade for religion is that it is not so much concerned with the relationship of the people of this nation to God as it is with being a means to yell at Communism. I want to yell at Communism along with the next one, but I object to being asked to cheapen my religious faith.

MARY W. CARPENTER
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Mr. Miller neglected one factor concerning the upsurge of political religiosity in the United States today: Freedom of religion means more than just the right to choose what church you wish to attend; it also grants the right to not attend. With conformity upon us, not believing or not attending is indeed considered un-American, especially now with the Great Republican Crusade and J. Edgar Hoover's "Since Communists are anti-God, encourage your child to be active in the church."

LIEUTENANT SEYMOUR L. MUSKOVITZ
Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois

To the Editor: Mr. Miller has articulated the uneasy feelings that have come to many of us as we have seen "religion" and "God" so generously endorsed by an official Washington which has not gained any noticeable conscience or humility from its "religion," nor any new courage or vision from its "God."

The Reporter is one of the best tools I have found to help me in observing Mr. Miller's injunction that "clergymen should develop wiser political convictions."

REV. DAN P. COLE
Pleasant Gap, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: May I commend *The Reporter* and Mr. Miller for the abundantly appropriate article? The ever-increasing affirmations of piety in the U.S. are not, however, wholly to be sneered at. They are partly the outward manifestation of a healthy and needed rethinking that has been going on in our country, especially since the Second World War. As we know, progress and science, former deities, have lost their redemptive flavors, and religion, especially in its neo-orthodox form, has risen from the ashes as a result of this rethinking. The clear moral failure of Communism, which rejected God and attempted to assume His functions, speeded up our rethinking. This turn to religion has been good.

But because scoffers were once distastefully vocal and Communism is now frightfully perilous does not mean that we should now become distasteful in our affirmations of religion, or worship God because Communists do not worship God. Such action makes religion a kind of spiteful thing, which it is not.

A humble, charitable America which loves mercy and embraces the Master of the Universe will be the result of mature reflection, not of cleverly inscribed postage stamps.

LEONARD S. SANDWEISS
Detroit

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To the Editor: I certainly agree that actions speak louder than words, but I believe also that we cannot be reminded too often that we are a nation "under God." I am opposed to governmental approval of any specific religion, but I firmly believe that our government was established and has grown through leaders with faith in God and that we should keep that fact before us.

Perhaps there is a lot of sham in the present turning to religion, but fortunately there are effective, sincere groups who are working to remind us that God is in the market place and in government, as well as in the church.

BETTY JANE POBANZ
New York

To the Editor: It is truly a paradox that the concept that "religion is the opium of the people" has apparently subconsciously been accepted and incorporated into the true-blue American handbook by the very people who turn pale on learning the name of the man who said it. With traditional paternalism, these "rice Christians" would like to get more of the people to place more of their hopes, fears, and problems in the lap of the Deity, thereby taking the heat off their own miserable failures and hypocrisy.

Before we inscribe our trust in God on more coins, stamps, floats, and soon, perhaps, on special armbands for all our little Führers, we might pause and read again, in Matthew's great story, a few things Jesus had to say when He told off the Scribes and Pharisees.

ELSA KRUUSE
Managing Editor, *Advance*
(Congregational Christian journal)
New York

MORE ON SENATOR BRIDGES

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's article "Senator Bridges and His Far-Flung Constituents" (*The Reporter*, July 20) has won the ultimate in praise in being attacked in a syndicated column by George Sokolsky. Fortunately, Sokolsky shows the real caliber of his criticism in the opening part of his article when he makes mention of the editor of *The Reporter* coming to this country in the early 1930's, an obvious slur against the Constitutional provisions for naturalized citizenship. His apparent belief that one must have ancestors who lived here at the time of the Revolution to be able to enjoy the Constitutional right of freedom of the press comes as no surprise. Most of his own personal political ideas and opinions ignore more than a hundred and fifty years of progress.

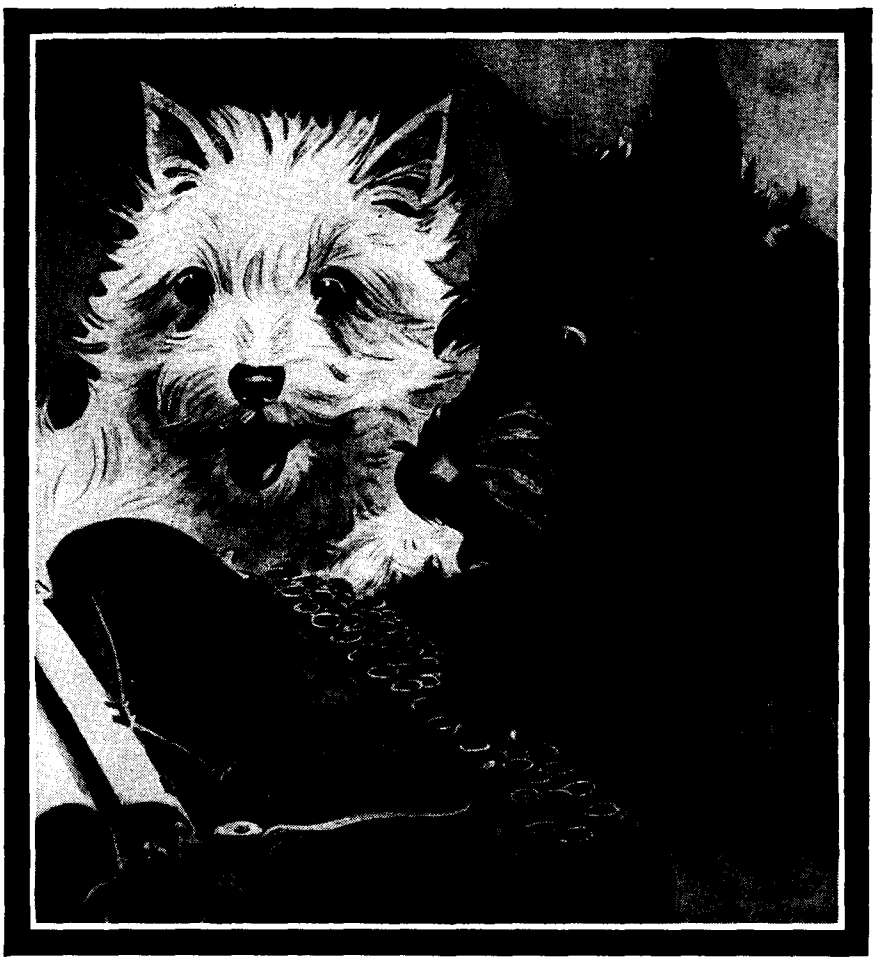
DON MATHEWS
Newark, Ohio

To the Editor: I should like to compliment Mr. Cater for his article and the research that went into it.

So far as I had knowledge of the episode relating to the Morgantown Ordnance Works, I believe that the article is accurate, except for the fact that Morgantown is in West Virginia and not in New Jersey. I, of course, had no firsthand knowledge of the offer of campaign funds.

ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER
Bernardsville, New Jersey

(Mr. Alexander is a former Under Secretary of the Army.)



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THAT EDC is dead does not mean the end of European unity but only that Europe must now be united in another way, with a new structure built upon new foundations. The plans that must now be drawn up can be far more effective than the plan that the French Parliament turned down. The staff-written editorial faces—on the whole optimistically—the problem of where we go from here.

The Russians have been riding high these days—between the Geneva Conference and the ruin of EDC. But their main concern, as described by **Isaac Deutscher,** is with Germany; and just as long as France and Germany agree that Germany must not remain unarmed, the Russians cannot claim complete success. On pages 24 and 25 are important statements by Adenauer and Mendès-France that have not been given much space in the American press. **Edmond Taylor** gives a detailed account of how EDC was struck down—mostly by unskillful supporters.

Our National Correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** concludes his two-part article on American science.

H. W. Blakeley, who discusses army morale, commanded an infantry division in the Second World War.

The camera company on which **A. R. Godsil** reports of course does not exist—nor does "Mr. Godsil" except as a pen name. But this little financial fable is based on firsthand observation.

When **Doris Peel** accepted a young man's invitation to the movies in Berlin, she discovered that while Germans may deny their memories, they cannot abolish them. Miss Peel's latest book, *The Inward Journey,* was published by Houghton Mifflin.

The Englishman who writes under the name of **Ray Alan** is what used to be called a "globe-trotter," that is to say, a traveler interested in travel for itself.

Bill Mauldin recalls his days on *Stars and Stripes* when, to the infantry's delight, he first created the forlorn figures of Willie and Joe.

Robert Bingham of our staff has no interest whatever in panning a lot of bad movies. His regular reports, beginning in this issue, will deal only with films he likes well enough to recommend.

Goddard Lieberson, back from a summer in Europe, resumes his "Conversations on Music."

We are happy to publish a chapter from **Malcolm Cowley's** book *The Literary Situation,* which will be issued by the Viking Press in October.

Book reviews are by **Christine Weston,** author of *Indigo,* and Professor **Henry Steele Commager** of Columbia University.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 11, NO. 5 **SEPTEMBER 23, 1954**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

East and West Look at France

THE UNITY EUROPE CAN HAVE—AN EDITORIAL 16

HOW THE RUSSIANS BET A LITTLE IN ASIA TO WIN A LOT IN EUROPE . . . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 19

THE LONG WEEKEND THAT KILLED EDC . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 23

At Home & Abroad

U.S. SCIENCE: THE TROUBLED QUEST—II . . . . . *Theodore H. White* 26

ESPRIT DE WHAT? OUR ARMY AND MORALE . . . . . *H. W. Blakeley* 35

MR. SHIBATA GOES INTO BUSINESS . . . . . *A. R. Godsil* 38

THE BOY IN THE FRONT ROW . . . . . *Doris Peel* 40

THE ADVENTURES OF A BUS TRUSTER . . . . . *Ray Alan* 43

Views & Reviews

THE EISENHOWER I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER . . . . . *Bill Mauldin* 45

Movies: THREE JUNGLES . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 46

Conversations on Music: THE ULCER DIET . . . . . *Goddard Lieberson* 47

Channels: SOFT SOAP . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 48

AMERICAN WRITERS AND WHERE THEY COME FROM . . . . *Malcolm Cowley* 49

THE GIANTS OF INDIA AND THEIR GOSSIPING RELATIVES . . . *Christine Weston* 53

DANGEROUS MYTHS IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY . . . *Henry Steele Commager* 54

BOOK NOTES 55

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EDITORIAL

The Unity Europe Can Have

WITH THE REPUDIATION by the French National Assembly of the European Defense Community, the Atlantic world has given itself over to an orgy of mutual criticism, complaint, frustration, and hypocrisy. The chief object of this community exasperation is France. The exasperation with the French may be well justified. EDC *was* a French idea; we bought it at French insistence over deep initial misgivings, did our best to nourish it, had faith in the French plan long after the French themselves had begun to doubt it. We are baffled as well as annoyed, because this French Government is the first since the war that is doing what our diplomacy has always urged as France's first duty—putting its own house in order, to make France strong, to secure the base that must be firm under the weight of France's responsibilities.

But to see France as the root of the Atlantic crisis is to misread the moment entirely. It is not a post-mortem apportionment of guilt that is required now; it is to tackle the central source of European disturbances, which remains, as it has remained for a full generation, Germany.

AMERICA has had a peculiar blind spot about Germany since the beginning of this century. Though the two most expensive wars of our history were fought against and launched by Germany, though our budget and our politics are shaped by these wars as far into the future as anyone can see, Germany has rarely, if ever, been the object of national debate, great or small. In peace as in war, from the Dawes Plan through D-Day to the Contracts of Bonn, Germany has been a subject to be attacked as an appalling collection of administrative problems unrelated to any fundamental policy. The closest approach to the latter was our sponsorship of EDC. This was a grand scheme, and, if it had worked, brilliant. Its essence was that France would handle Germany for us. Now that the French have refused, we are back at scratch, or rather back with the same problem that faced us in 1947—how to control Germany, make and keep it prosperous and democratic, denying its crescent energies both to the sinister forces within it and to Communist diplomacy on the frontier.

Integration and Soldiers

It was just four years ago this month that the U.S. government presented its partners, France and Britain, at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in New York, with the categorical demand that Germany be rearmed. No public debate had taken place in America on this historic decision; no Senatorial committee had held hearings on the wisdom or folly of rearming our late enemy. The decision had been taken for us by the Communists when they crossed the 38th parallel in June, 1950. We were faced with a new disaster in Asia; the Communists had already mobilized their ominous East German mercenaries in the *Bereitschaften* squads; total Allied military strength in western Europe came to less than eight divisions (against a Russian twenty-two); and the only easily available increment of strength to western forces seemed to be a swift mobilization of German troops. So it seemed to our Allies too. The British immediately accepted our proposal. The French, with the scars of German occupation still unhealed, accepted it too—but with a twist.

The French twist was to link German rearmament—in Paris the most unpopular idea conceivable—with European union, perhaps the most stirring new political enthusiasm in France since the war. After an initial period of unenchantment, it slowly dawned on American diplomats that this was a great idea. It bracketed the two things we wanted most in Europe—some form of European social and economic "integration" with hard, helmeted German fighting men.

The treaty that finally emerged after some twenty months of negotiation was a cumbersome inches-thick document. It was vulnerable the way so many emergency measures are—conceived to meet imminent peril rather than designed for permanent usefulness. The chief flaw of EDC was that the political content, the frame of

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supranational control, was too fragile to govern a vast military machine with its imperative demands on national budgets and taxation.

Once the peril in which EDC was conceived was past—once the Russians after Stalin's death were able to shift ground and maneuver, once the war in Korea was settled, when the sound of guns died out—all the logical objections sensible men could make to the document came to the surface. The actual military deployment of units as stipulated in the treaty was, and is, questionable; the changes required in the French Constitution were fundamental; the budgeting called for a vast increase in expenditures on ground forces at a moment when we in America were slashing these expenditures; and, above all, the constitutional structure of which EDC was supposed to be the military part was never spelled out in the treaty but left for later definition.

Until 1953 it might have been possible to find a majority even in the French Assembly to vote for the treaty and overlook its flaws. From the spring of 1953 on, this became increasingly unlikely. The success of the American nuclear ground-weapons program had made the German divisions no longer the *sine qua non* of western defense. At the same time the German economic revival sparked by American aid had shown how little the sources of German energy had been affected by the war.

It was here that we failed. What American diplomacy has needed ever since the shift in Russian maneuver has been a true "New Look." Such a New Look at the world had been taken by American diplomats in 1947 and again in 1950. In 1953 another New Look was already overdue. Instead, Washington merely repolished Mr. Truman's and Mr. Acheson's diplomacy long after events had made it obsolete. In effect, it carried out the policies of 1950 only to bury them.

The Assembly of Europe

What has to be done now is not at all easy—yet far from hopeless. The first step must, of course, be to dissociate the two concepts so unfortunately bundled together in the emergency wrapping of EDC. European union and German rearmament must be examined separately.

It would be a mistake to assume from the French vote on EDC that European union is dead. Over and over again in the debate, speakers of the utmost hostility to EDC voiced their concern for and devotion to some form of European union. If the EDC, in its tangled form, could muster 264 votes to support it, the draft treaty for an elective assembly of Europe—as initialed last year by the six EDC powers—should carry a solid majority. Even Mendès-France in his climactic speech went out of his way to express his faith in such an assembly.

It will be difficult to launch a new drive for European union this winter; yet it is not impossible. And too much hope and effort have been invested in Europe not to make the try.

This try, however, will now require something new—a stimulus from the outside. Clearly, this can only come from one source, the Atlantic community, and its leader, the United States.

The same kind of stimulus is necessary to solve the second half of EDC's unfinished business—German rearmament. Germany cannot be granted the uncontrolled power to raise and dispose its own military forces. It cannot take on sole responsibility for controlling a new Wehrmacht. Germany can only be rearmed within a grand coalition where its military power is kept in check by the superior energies of a number of partners.

IT IS OUR GOOD FORTUNE, and the legacy of the previous Administration to the present one, that such a grand coalition does exist. Its military name is NATO. Its political name—and still little more than a name—is the Atlantic community. It is within this community that the Germans can be rearmed without danger, that the Europeans can be united without feeling they are "left alone with the Germans."

This is primarily America's business. We have tried delegating these essential tasks to France, and France has confessed its inability to meet them. To delegate them to Germany would be dangerous madness. It would be pleasant if the British would handle Europe for us. We have tried that too. Back in 1949, when the Marshall Plan's early dream of a united Europe included Britain, the British flatly told us that they would go only so far in binding their destinies with those of Europe as the Congress of the United States would go in binding America's—but not one step further.

It is thus within the frame of the Atlantic community that the next moves must be made. The specific ways of creating the union of Europe as a constituent federation within the larger, looser Atlantic federation, the specific ways of tying German troops into the command and supply system of NATO, are as various as our imagination and daring permit. What is clear is this: If the Atlantic world is to harness the power of Germany and unify Europe, the job must be done under American leadership and be backed by American example. If economic, military, and trading policies are going to be synchronized, ours must be synchronized too. We cannot sublease to other nations our responsibility and our security.

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How the Russians Bet a Little In Asia to Win a Lot in Europe

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE CEASE-FIRE in Indo-China that was arranged last July in Geneva throws new light on Soviet foreign policy. This is the second armistice agreement concluded since Stalin's death in March, 1953, the first being the agreement on Korea. Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov may be regarded as the prime mover of both. Toward the end of the Stalin era, the flames of war seared the fringes of Asia and threatened to spread. Now, a year and a half since Stalin's death, there is no ground war on the mainland of Asia. The contrast speaks for itself, although the present situation may not last long.

One significant difference between the armistice in Korea and the cease-fire in Indo-China should be noted. In Korea the Communists could not hope to gain much ground through further fighting unless China intervened on a more massive scale or unless Russia was willing to become directly involved in the conflict. But China and Russia were no more inclined to extend the war beyond Korea than was the United States. That armistice reflected a military stalemate.

There was nothing like a stalemate in Indo-China. Up to the moment of cease-fire, Ho Chi Minh's armies had been on the move and their fighting spirit was high. The siege and capture of Dienbienphu had increased their confidence. Bao Dai's Vietnamese Administration was demoralized. The French expeditionary force was a prey to dejection. When Pierre Mendès-France became France's Premier and Foreign Minister, he was told by the British that, according to their own and U.S. information, Ho Chi Minh's troops were capable of seizing Saigon, near the southernmost tip of Indo-China, within less than six months. Mendès-France had no need to learn this from outsiders; the French in Vietnam had felt and known it for some time, and Mendès-France had repeatedly warned the French Parliament of the desperate military situation.

Red Light

Ho Chi Minh was carried to victory on a high tide of popular revolution, as Mao Tse-tung had been in 1948-1949. He had virtually shattered the French expeditionary force in the Red River delta, and he was

Ho Chi Minh

confident that he could seize the rest of the country in a few lightning offensives. However, during an interval in the Geneva Conference Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier and Foreign Minister, paid Ho a visit to tell him that he must stop short and content himself with only half the prize that lay within his grasp.

The record of their meeting, if one exists, may well be one of the dramatic documents of contemporary history. Ho Chi Minh could not but feel that the settlement which Chou En-lai was proposing was almost a betrayal of Indo-Chinese Communism. It had nothing or little to do with the balance of strength on the spot. Modeled on the ominous Korean precedent, it split Vietnam along the 17th parallel, leaving Communism dominant in the north and anti-Communism in control of the south, and it veiled the act of partition with a promise of elections and unification in a problematic future. In short, the armistice would create a political state of affairs that could be justified only by assuming the existence of a military stalemate.

Molotov and Chou En-lai certainly appealed to Ho Chi Minh's internationalist loyalty: As a good Communist he would surely subordinate local Indo-Chinese aspirations to the over-all strategy of the Soviet bloc. That strategy demanded that Moscow and Peking should give the western world an object lesson in "peaceful coexistence."

THIS WAS not a matter of mere propaganda. Stalin's successors have apparently reached the conclusion that the idea of "peaceful coexistence" must be given a new interpretation. At a time when local wars threaten a world-wide atomic and hydrogen conflagration, "peaceful coexistence" requires that local wars be brought under control and stopped. At least for the time being, they have been brought under control.

The new interpretation of "peaceful coexistence" has shown itself also

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in the efforts of Soviet diplomacy to interpose a solid neutral buffer between the Soviet bloc and the Atlantic powers. In Stalin's day Moscow had only derision for the advocates of any "third force" and treated them as hypocritical agents of the Atlantic bloc. In the last few months both Moscow and Peking have heaped praise on Nehru; they no longer treat India and the so-called Colombo grouping of nations as "puppets of western imperialism." On the contrary, the neutrals are now spoken of with sympathy and respect. "He who is not with us is against us" seems no longer to be a guiding principle for Molotov or Chou En-lai; they have abandoned the slogan to certain politicians and diplomats in the West.

The Soviet calculation is undoubtedly shrewd. If Ho Chi Minh's armies had swooped down upon Hanoi and Saigon, if they had continued to fight in Laos and Cambodia, the neutral camp in Asia would have dispersed in panic and cried for western help. Nehru himself might have become the ardent champion of a Southeast Asia collective defense treaty. Now neutral Asia rejoices over the cease-fire in Indo-China and solemnly vows friendship to China. For the Soviet bloc this is a greater gain than the capture of another few thousand square miles of Indo-Chinese jungle.

The Stake Was EDC

This is not the first time Soviet diplomacy has yielded space to gain time or ceded positions in one part of the world to gain ground in another. Molotov had no sooner returned from Geneva to Moscow than he made it clear in the two notes sent out to the western powers at the end of July and the beginning of August that the stakes for which he had played during the Indo-Chinese game were mostly German.

It was in Indo-China, according to Molotov's scheme, that the European Defense Community was to die. Russia helped France pull clear of a ruinous and hopeless colonial war on the tacit assumption that France would obstruct Germany's rearmament within EDC and refuse to play an effective part in any anti-Soviet alliance. Mendès-France may have said or done nothing to encourage such an assumption, but this did not prevent the Soviet Foreign Minister from basing his policy on it. In doing so Molotov faced, of course, a number of risks.

There certainly existed a school of thought in Moscow that argued thus: If the French were allowed to disengage from Indo-China and free their military resources from the drain of a hopeless colonial war, they would be less afraid of a German-dominated EDC and would use their increased freedom of movement in Europe *against* Russia. Molotov decided in favor of the subtler policy, calculating that a "generous" armistice in Indo-China would decisively turn an apprehensive French opinion and a hesitant Parliament and Government against EDC. His assumption was soon proved correct.

June 17, 1953

On Indo-China the Communist bloc played from strength. Its diplomacy had plenty of room for maneuver. It could afford to be supple and subtle. Freed from the paralyzing fear of Stalin, Molotov surprised the western Ministers by a tactical elasticity and politeness of manner of which they had held him to be incapable. There was, in addition, a curious change from his own behavior at the Berlin Conference a few months earlier, where he had been playing from weakness.

The Berlin Conference convened on January 25, 1954, before Soviet policy had fully recovered from the shock of the Berlin rising of June 17, 1953. That revolt had revealed for all to see the utter failure of Soviet policy in East Germany. Soviet tanks quelled the rioting, but what followed was a cataclysm in Moscow and the downfall of Lavrenti Beria, who was accused of "plotting to yield East Germany to western imperialism." Molotov was negotiating with the western Ministers only a few weeks after Beria's execution. He had to demonstrate that he was not going to commit the crime imputed to Beria; thus he had to be firm and unyielding over Germany.

More than a year has passed since the rising, a year of strange calm in East Germany. Does it augur another storm or indicate apathy and prostration? Moscow apparently holds that the Russian position in Germany has been considerably strengthened; that after the lesson of one abortive rising, the East Germans have no desire to rise again; and that for the first time since 1945, the political ferment in West Germany is beginning to favor Russia.

WHAT, in this situation, are the aims of Soviet policy in Germany?

It is necessary to distinguish between the avowed aims and the real ones. One ostensible aim is to prevent the revival of German militarism, which, twice within the lifetime of one generation, has launched German armies against Russia and western Europe. Soviet propagandists have dwelt on this because the memories of the German invasions are fresh and painful in the minds of Russians and western Europeans.

This does not mean, however, that the fear of Germany's new military power really haunts Moscow's rulers. The strategists of the Kremlin coldly calculate the economic—demographic as well as industrial—and political factors that enter into the balance of strength between Russia and a rearmed Germany. Such a calculation inevitably leads them to the conclusion that German militarism by itself cannot, in the foreseeable future, become ever again the mortal threat to Russia it used to be. In the First World War, the Russian armament industry was only a small

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fraction of the German. On the eve of the Second World War, Russia's heavy industries were roughly level with Germany's. At present they are three to four times larger than Germany's, and the discrepancy is almost certain to grow even wider in Russia's favor.

But it is only between Russia and Germany that the balance of power has changed so dramatically. No comparable shift has occurred in the relationship between Germany and western Europe. A new Wehrmacht would hardly have much chance of success in a new march toward the Volga or the Dnieper. But it might still reach the Marne, the Seine, the Loire, and the English Channel. Paris and even London have much more real reason to fear German rearmament than has Moscow.

In any case, Moscow already has reconciled itself to the prospect of a rearmed Germany. In none of the schemes for a German settlement which the Soviet Foreign Ministry has worked out in the last few years is Germany denied the right to possess its own armed forces. These schemes have contrasted sharply with earlier Soviet plans, based on the Potsdam Agreement, which provided for Germany's complete demilitarization.

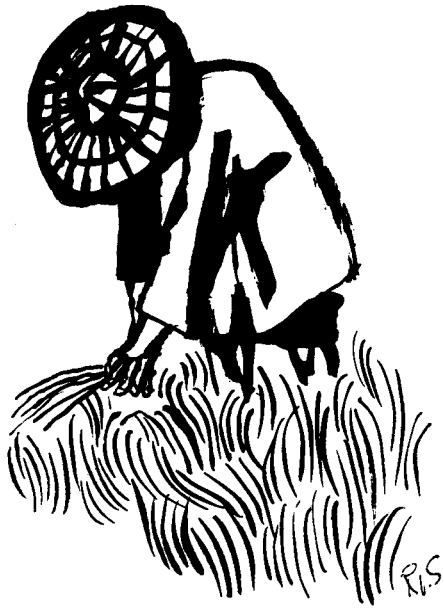
True enough, the new Soviet schemes propose that Germany should be allowed to possess defensive forces only. But this is no more than a face-saving formula or an escape clause. Neither the Soviet Foreign Ministry nor the Soviet General Staff takes the distinction between defensive and offensive forces seriously—and both are certain to hold the view that once German rearmament is under way, its momentum will sweep away all limitations imposed by the victors of 1945.

Nationalism as Before

The real purpose of Soviet policy is therefore not so much to prevent German rearmament as to ensure that Germany's military power is not harnessed to the Atlantic alliance.

Yet even EDC did not loom as large in Soviet eyes as it might have appeared from Soviet propaganda. Moscow had never taken seriously the blueprints for European or western European integration which have been put forward in recent years. It never believed that European capitalism would be able, even under American auspices, to overcome the inertia of the old nation-states and their centrifugal tendencies.

Just as long, however, as the Governments and the political parties of western Europe behaved as if they were ready to abandon the ramparts of nationalism and to devote themselves to a supranational cause, Moscow's position was somewhat awkward. There was a certain attraction in the new supranational language of anti-Communism which Moscow could not easily belittle. But that attraction has decreased. Western Europe has once again shown its old face, twisted and disfigured by nationalist passion. Mos-



cow's propagandists are once again free to describe the unity of the anti-Communist world as a myth.

APART FROM this propaganda advantage, Soviet post-Stalin diplomacy is reaping more specific benefits. The rearmament of Germany has, in any case, been delayed; and even if the delay turns out to be a short one, Moscow can now assume that every step forward in the reconstitution of Germany's sovereignty and of its armed power will be accompanied by a recrudescence of intense Franco-German hostility and by a deepening of other divisions in the western world. This was indeed what Stalin forecast in his last message to the Communist Party in October, 1952, when he hinted that France was the weakest link in the Atlantic alliance, the link at which the whole chain might break.

Moscow will now watch with redoubled attention the new political ferment in France. During the Brussels Conference, Herr Adenauer was warned that if he rejected the French Premier's "modified EDC," the next French Government might be formed by a Popular Front. This may not be in Moscow's plans at all, for the formation of a Popular Front might easily give the anti-Communist and the anti-Russian feeling in western Europe a stimulus and strength that it has been lacking in recent years. But Moscow may not be in a position to control the drift of emotion and the political realignments taking shape inside France.

Premier Mendès-France has gone on record as being opposed to the neutralization of Germany. But on this point Mendès-France's supporters are divided. There are those who argue that after Germany has been rearmed and included, in some form or another, in the Atlantic alliance, Russia will no longer be willing to negotiate over Germany and to make any concessions. There are also those who say that in that event Russia will negotiate not with France, the United States, and Great Britain, but with Germany—in order to bribe it away from the Atlantic powers.

THE PRINCIPAL immediate purpose of Soviet policy, according to many indications, is to bring about a withdrawal of all occupation armies from Germany. The Soviets feel that as long as the Russian and the Anglo-American armies confront one another in Germany, the chief danger of a third world war lies there. Therefore they want to eliminate that front and create a no man's land between the Soviet bloc and the armed power of the United States.

The enigmatic character of Soviet policy on this point springs from the circumstance that Stalin's successors have not made up their minds about the price they are prepared to pay for a withdrawal of the occupation armies.

Immediately after Stalin's death his successors prepared almost openly to dismantle the Pieck-Ulbricht

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régime in East Germany. Then the rising of June, 1953, made them aware that they were in danger of being routed even before they had completed the preliminaries to a retreat. The new order of the day was: no retreat, no withdrawal. Such was still the mood in Moscow even at the time of the Berlin Conference; and so when the western Ministers countered Molotov's proposals for military evacuation of Germany by asking whether Russia would permit free elections in East Germany, Molotov could give no clear or satisfactory answer.

Above all, Soviet policy was hamstrung by the fear that a Russian retreat from Germany might be turned into a rout. Military evacuation might serve as a signal for a new rising in East Germany, and this could easily lead to upheavals in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia.

PARADOXICALLY, despite all the differences of context and motive, the policy of the western powers has been dominated by a similar fear—the fear that for the West, too, retreat might become rout. After the military evacuation of Germany the Russian armies would still be standing on the Oder or on the Bug, only a few dozen or a few hundred miles from Berlin, while the American forces would be withdrawn across the ocean. Then all western Europe would be at Russia's mercy. This fear would not be much abated even if the Russians agreed to free elections in East Germany and abandoned the Pieck-Ulbricht Government.

The diplomatic deadlock over Germany reflects the pressure of these two great fears.

Can a new European conference, proposed by the Soviet Foreign Minister, do anything to break the deadlock?

A New Conference?

Moscow has recently hinted that it would come to such a conference with greater and more definite concessions than those it has proposed hitherto. There have been signs that Soviet policymakers have once again been weighing the pros and cons of keeping the Pieck-Ulbricht team in office. Once again Soviet representatives in Berlin have been paying a great deal of attention to such non-Communist German politicians as have cared to listen, telling them that Russia is prepared to go to very great lengths to secure Germany's reunification, and that the East German régime will most surely not be allowed to stand in the way.

The main problem for Moscow is whether any compromise solution can be found between the present total occupation of Germany, with all its inherent dangers to peace, and that total military evacuation which both Russia and the West fear equally, each in a different way and each for a different reason. During the Berlin Conference the Soviet Foreign Minister proposed that after their military evacuation the occupying powers should leave limited contingents in Germany entrusted with certain supervisory functions. The western Ministers found this proposal unacceptable. It amounted to total military evacuation and left Russia the full benefit of geographic proximity to western Europe.

THERE STILL remains the possibility of an arrangement which would consist not in a complete withdrawal of occupation armies but in their falling back to the fringes of Germany. The Russians would hold to the Oder-Neisse line, and the western armies would take up positions at the Rhine. An all-German Government, freely elected, could then achieve the unification of Germany and the revival of German sovereignty.

From Russia's viewpoint the advantage of such an arrangement would consist in the interposition of a sort of no man's land between the armed forces of the two blocs.

From the West's point of view this solution might have the advantage that it would not allow Russia to exploit its geographic proximity, would not leave Germany and western Europe at Russia's mercy, and would enable the powers to pursue from Germany's fringes the objectives of policy they have pursued for nearly a decade by total occupation of Germany.

This solution appeals to one very important political factor in Germany—the Socialist Party led by Erich Ollenhauer. In the West German Republic, with its predominantly rural and Catholic Rhinelanders and Bavarians, the Socialist Party can only be a minority, large but ineffective. Its strength has traditionally lain in Berlin, Prussia, and Saxony, in what is today the Soviet Zone of Germany. If the Socialists were to be readmitted in that zone and allowed to come into the open and take part in elections, they would in all probability emerge as a majority party capable of forming the first genuine all-German Government. (It is possible, even probable, that the Socialists would then coalesce with the Christian Democrats as their Austrian comrades have done.)

The Russians have done everything to encourage these hopes in the Socialist Party of Germany. Despite his fundamentally pro-western and anti-Russian attitude, Ollenhauer has therefore been loud in demanding that the Atlantic powers lend a more attentive ear to the proposals and suggestions that Molotov has made or that he is preparing to make.

RECENT EVENTS have underlined even more vividly the elements of weakness in Herr Adenauer's position. That personalities eminent in the Adenauer régime should seek refuge in East Germany is symptomatic of the new ferment in Germany. The collapse of EDC intensifies that ferment. Demands are being made more loudly than before for a new four-power conference.

This demand, now rising simultaneously on both sides of the Rhine, is pleasant music to Soviet ears. And a persistent American refusal to listen to the demand may make the music even sweeter.

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The Long Weekend That Killed EDC

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

A FEW MINUTES before the French National Assembly voted to bury the European army treaty, a wild and shaggy figure jumped up in one of the steeply sloping aisles and shouted: "I bring you a substitute for EDC—love thy neighbor!"

Though the proposal was no more impractical than many others that had been heard, the speaker was quickly identified as a disciple of the "Christ of Montfavet"—a Gallic Father Divine—and was ejected from the Chamber. He explained he had slipped past the guards by posing as a Socialist Deputy.

This grotesque little incident aptly expressed the mood of unreality that characterized the abortive yet transcendentally important debate on EDC. Almost up to the last minute it seemed as if a great historic tragedy was doomed to be acted out in irrelevance and total confusion. It was only when a motion filed by an obscure right-wing Deputy to dismiss EDC without bothering to hear the arguments in its favor carried by 319 to 264 votes that one realized something irreparable had happened. By then it was all over.

No historic fatality had produced this result except the usual fatality that dooms all political causes when sound leadership is lacking. On several occasions men of good will and good sense had seemed on the point of successfully uniting their efforts to get control of events. Each time some human failure, fumble, or misunderstanding frustrated them.

A Walkout Forestalled

The first occasion followed immediately after Premier Pierre Mendès-France's return from the abortive Six-Power Conference at Brussels, when on Friday, August 27, the day before the opening debate in the Assembly, the Cabinet met to try to work out a common strategy.

As expected, anti- and pro-EDC Ministers of the Cabinet quickly deadlocked. Three of the latter, Hugues, Petit, and Bourgès-Maunoury, finally announced they were quitting and started to walk out of the crystal-chandeliered council room at the Elysée Palace. Mendès-France, glum and weary, could not shake their resolution. Finally, President René Coty, the jovial and handsome Norman politician who last winter was lifted out of dignified obscurity in the Senate to become President of France, demonstrated that he was more than a traditional figurehead. Firmly instructing the three dissident Ministers to cool off in the garden, he ordered them not to leave the premises until he called for them. Then he suspended the meeting and closeted himself with Mendès-France for a heart-to-heart talk.

As a result of these and other similar moves, by the end of that day the political barometer had swung from "Hurricane" to "Fair" for the first time since Brussels. With all three walkout Ministers back in the Cabinet, Coty returned to Normandy and the Government was unanimously agreed—so it was rumored, at least—to support a motion in the Assembly for an adjournment of the EDC debate until September 15, during which period of grace Mendès-France would make a new attempt to reach some acceptable compromise with the other five Brussels powers.

The three ex-dissident Ministers were working out the text of the adjournment motion with the pro-EDC general staff—Bidault, Schuman, Pinay, Reynaud, René Mayer, and others—in one of the Assembly's caucus rooms strewn with cigarette butts, half-eaten sandwiches, empty beer bottles, and discarded adjectives. A few minor details remained to be settled, and just before midnight the pro-EDC *Figaro* went to bed with the confident headline: ACCORD IN SIGHT BETWEEN PARTISANS OF EDC AND GOVERNMENT ON THE RESUMPTION OF NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SIX.

Seldom in its history has *Figaro* let its leaders down so badly. Exactly what went wrong is still the subject of partisan dispute, but the general pattern of disaster was clear. At the same time that Mendès-France was trying to appease a delegation of violently anti-EDC Gaullists who rushed around after dinner to upbraid him for appeasing the other five Brussels powers, the pro-EDC politicos, who also happened to be leaders of Mendès-France's parliamentary Opposition, were telling one another they had that smart-aleck on the run at last and that it would be a pity to let him off too easily. Line by line and comma by comma, each side stealthily but half unconsciously retreated from the agreement reached earlier at the Elysée Palace—an agreement which had been extremely vague to start with.

By shortly after midnight both sides had stretched their compromise to the breaking point. This became apparent when a pro-EDC delegation led by Reynaud and Mendès-France's fellow party member Yvon Delbos arrived at the Premier's office with the text of an adjournment motion which, in the same breath, repudiated the Premier's conduct of the Brussels negotiations and called on him to start them anew—or so it seemed to his supporters. He retaliated by declaring that he would accept no adjournment motion that did not include a specific vote of confidence in his conduct of the Brussels negotiations—a large and bitter pill for the Opposition to swallow. Then he said bluntly that he was exhausted and wanted to go to bed. The pro-EDC delegation went raging home to their own beds convinced that they were victims of a coldly planned double cross.

The Attack

This was the atmosphere of mutual suspicion and embittered partisanship in which the public debate opened the following afternoon. Former Defense Minister Jules Moch, in his capacity as *rapporteur* of the Assembly's Foreign Affairs Committee, led off the attack on EDC. As the rebel Socialist Deputy read his prepared speech in a dry, harsh voice, he made no pretense of ob-

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jectivity. "The treaty was signed during the atomic age, which has now been superseded. . . ." Moch declared. "Today we are in the thermonuclear era." Explaining that he was speaking on the basis of information about the U.S. Pacific tests obtained as a member of the French disarmament delegation to the United Nations, Moch said that whereas it would require six thousand old-fashioned atomic bombs to wipe out the population of France, fifteen thermonuclear bombs dropped in the right spots could do the job. Consequently, Moch argued, disarmament talks with the Soviets should have priority over the effort to recruit a few German divisions for defense of the West. The orator then followed with a detailed, almost pitilessly logical series of arguments dissecting the treaty's military stipulations and constitutional contradictions.

While Moch's arguments were not unanswerable, they were based on months of conscientious analysis of the EDC treaty and other relevant documents. This was clearly apparent in his presentation and made a deep impression on the Assembly.

The following speakers strengthened and deepened this impression. During the long months when the EDC's supporters had claimed a majority of the Assembly's votes, the opponents of EDC had stayed in control of all the Assembly committees with a voice in ratification of the treaty. No attempt had been made by the EDC's adherents to shake this grip on the parliamentary mechanisms. Now, one by one, the *rapporteurs* of five other committees followed Moch to the rostrum to voice the hostility of their groups to the treaty.

THE EDC SUPPORTERS were visibly shaken by this avalanche though they knew in advance it was coming. The wiser of their leaders now began to admit for the first time that Mendès-France had been right in warning that there was now a majority against EDC in the Assembly and in proclaiming that the only hope of salvaging something out of the treaty was to seek an adjournment on the terms acceptable to him. This implied a decision on whether it was more desirable to try to unseat the Premier or to win his co-operation. A series of frantic huddles among EDC supporters was required before the majority of them finally agreed on a text of an adjournment motion that would not criticize the Premier's conduct in Brussels.

History on Sunday

This timid and belated renewal of interparty truce evaporated when Mendès-France himself took the rostrum the next day—Sunday, August 29. In a three-hour talk he made it clear that he was against EDC but was still a firm supporter of an Atlantic alliance. In cold print his speech reads like an objective presentation of all the arguments for and against ratifying EDC. But as delivered, with all the tricks and innuendoes of forensic eloquence, it was a savage indictment of EDC and its supporters. On one occasion the Premier, referring to the members of the Brussels Conference, termed them "our five adversaries—pardon, I meant to say our five partners," while the Deputies booed or cheered the ostensible slip according to their sentiments. At another point in the speech, the Premier remarked: "I have seen Frenchmen who seemed able to rise above national interest to attach themselves solely to the interest of the community they were responsible for directing. I must say I have rarely seen the representatives of certain other countries act the same way." This shaft, aimed particularly at Jean Monnet, head of the Schuman Plan's Coal and Steel Authority, brought thunderous applause from the extreme Right and extreme Left, to both of whom Monnet is anathema.

ADENAUER AND FRANCE

WEST GERMAN Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's remark quoted in the *Times* of London that "Mendes-France wanted to destroy EDC" has been widely reported. His conclusion of the same interview has received less attention: "I am still of the opinion that without an understanding between France and Germany there will be no Europe, and that the fate of France and the fate of Germany are indivisible. Either both of us will fall into the hands of Russia or we shall both remain free."

THOUGH the Premier concluded by reiterating his official position of neutrality with regard to the ratification of the treaty, his speech unleashed an anti-EDC stampede that would have killed the treaty then and there if its adversaries had not overplayed their hand. The man who inadvertently gave the adherents of EDC one more fleeting chance was a sixty-six-year-old Deputy from Algiers named Adolphe Aumeran. A reserve general with an exaggerated military bearing, he mounted the rostrum to move "the previous question," a parliamentary device to smother further debate by wiping the question of EDC from the Assembly's agenda. Head thrown stiffly back as if fixed on the blue line of the Vosges in the far distance, Aumeran delivered an old-fashioned nationalist harangue.

When Aumeran finally signed off amid general tumult, former Premier Paul Reynaud, bouncing with indignation, jumped up to oppose the motion. "Mr. Premier!" he shouted at Mendès-France on the Government bench beneath the rostrum. "A few minutes ago you told us our allies were pressing us to clarify our position about EDC. Is shutting off debate the way to clarify our position?" Reynaud's intervention momentarily turned the tide, and applause from the floor showed that even adversaries of EDC deplored "strangulation" of debate.

Recess was called; and in the course of a Cabinet meeting held in the intermission, Mendès-France found himself confronted by a new revolt of pro-EDC Ministers, who again threatened to resign unless the Government agreed to vote against the Aumeran motion. The Premier worked himself out of this difficulty by arranging a gentleman's agreement between the adversaries and adherents of EDC whereby the former agreed not to press for a vote on the Aumeran motion until the end of debate if the other side would hold up its motion for adjournment.

By entering this agreement, the supporters of EDC missed their last chance to save the treaty. If they had insisted on a showdown Sunday night, they could almost certainly

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have defeated the Aumeran motion and with the momentum thus gained might possibly have forced through their adjournment motion calling for new Brussels talks. Instead, they waited until next morning, when the golden moment had passed, and then recklessly, inelegantly, suicidally broke the truce on a shabby pretext and insisted that their adjournment motion be put to a vote. Their adversaries countered with a demand that the Aumeran motion be put to a vote first, and the stage was set for the final act of the tragedy.

Last Act on Monday

The star speaker for the Aumeran motion was Edouard Herriot, the eighty-two-year-old Radical leader, once a pillar of French internationalism. Hunched and puffy, his swollen rheumatic leg sticking out in the aisle, his hands trembling so violently he could not read his notes, the Nestor of French Republicanism brushed aside a portable microphone and in a quavering but perfectly audible voice launched into a rambling, often incoherent discourse.

Occasionally Herriot thrilled the Deputies, listening in respectful silence, with flashes of his old lucidity and wit, but the speech as a whole was a lamentable effort. Not content, like Moch, to urge renewed efforts to bring the U.S.S.R. into a disarmament pact, Herriot reminisced sentimentally about the stirring times in 1924 when he had negotiated a diplomatic rapprochement with the Soviets. "From the day I negotiated this understanding I never had any trouble with Russia," Herriot said. "What about 1939?" interrupted some voices on the Right. But Herriot did not heed and went rambling on about Russia to urge his good example on young Mendès-France.

Mercifully, the end was near. When Herriot had finished, pro-EDC Socialist Christian Pineau, Deputy from Sarthe, made a passionate but dignified personal appeal to the Premier to accept reconciliation with pro-EDC forces. Pineau's deeply lined though still youthful-looking face, marked by tortures and imprisonment during the Occupation, made his plea all the more moving, but Mendès-France sat in stony silence and at last the vote got under way.

There was a final bedlam scene after the vote was announced, with Communists, Gaullists, and adherents of EDC all bellowing "La Marseillaise" angrily at one another.

"That wasn't the kind of debate I wanted," Mendès-France sadly remarked to a group of Deputies who clustered around him in the lobby. "Now I've got to try to sew things up again."

MENDES-FRANCE AND THE WEST

Extracts from Premier Mendès-France's speech in the French Assembly before the vote on EDC:

WHAT MUST be the foundation for the government's foreign policy? The basis for our foreign policy is the Atlantic alliance, which marks the solidarity of the western nations. Lest there be any misunderstanding or doubt about it, I solemnly repeat that the present French Government will never accept any measure or proposal or suggestion that contradicts this alliance.

An attempt has been made to discredit the Government by charging it with all manner of hidden intentions; it has been insinuated that we want to isolate France, shift our alliances, make France neutral, neutralize Germany. But on these questions the Government's attitude has never varied: Its foreign policy, as defined by the man at the head of the Government, . . . remains linked to that of the West. We remain faithful to that alliance which gives us our security, and which we see as cordial co-operation between partners with equal rights, discussing together their common interests, while each member remains judge of its own vital and essential national interests.

The search for peace which is the ultimate aim of all our diplomacy demands that we should work constantly to strengthen and develop the Atlantic community.

I would like to indicate here our first duty toward the Atlantic alliance.

The first task that the French Government must accomplish in order to strengthen the community of the western nations is to strengthen France itself. Without a strong France and a strong French Union, there can be no strong Atlantic community.

To this task we have assigned top priority. We brought the Indo-Chinese conflict to a close, we have drawn up an economic program, we have brought reform to North Africa. These are the three essential chapters in our action, and with them, in two months, I make bold to say, we have provided the Atlantic community with a major asset—the renewed possibility of an economically stronger France.

Another problem is that of Great Britain. It is an axiom of French policy and has been for a long time —and I am very glad of it—never to be separated from this great neighboring nation. Whether or not we may be members of the same communities or groups, Great Britain and France are bound in an alliance that doesn't even need to be written down, so vital is it for both nations.

And finally there is the problem of Germany within Europe. Here our policy is based on a consideration upon which I have often insisted. It is the necessity of bringing about a final reconcilation between France and Germany within the framework of Europe. To underline our determination in this respect I have insisted that full sovereignty must be restored to West Germany, in accordance with the plans of our allies.

All these matters, I admit, ladies and gentlemen, are easy to define in a few simple phrases but difficult to accomplish in daily labor and battle. I am not unaware of the problems or of the obstacles that the Government will be facing tomorrow no matter what may be your vote today. The Government will solve and overcome them, I have no doubt, as it has already overcome the others, if the people of France finally rise above the passions, the angers, and the misunderstandings which divide them. At that moment the true interests of the whole nation will triumph.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

U. S. Science: The Troubled Quest—II

THEODORE H. WHITE

THOUGH America's scientists in their great quest for knowledge now stand in tantalized anticipation of breakthroughs on every frontier of the unknown, the past year has filled them with doubt and discouragement. Oddly enough, their doubt and discouragement rise from the very area in which the scientists have contributed most largely to the nation and in which they have been most lavishly recompensed. This is the area of national security.

Few people realize how heavily national security has drawn on the limited resources of scientific creativity. Superficially, the statistic of 600,000 scientists and engineers in American life seems to give us brainpower to spare. But genius, even among these, is spread thin. Only 125,000 of these men carry the "research" load of the nation. Of these, 75,000 are tied up in the industrial search for better commercial products and another 40,000 are employed by the government in "developing" already crystallized insights of previous fundamental research. Only the tiniest handful of Americans are left to participate at that supreme level where science is both creation and art. Some scientists say that the extermination of fifty physicists would halt physics progress in America for a generation; others put the figure as low as twenty. Taking all the disciplines of science together, a common figure for the true "creators" is about three thousand, while many scientists put it as low as a thousand.

Some of these creators—men like Weisskopf, Schwinger, and Urey—have had little to do with the defense effort since the war. But many more, out of pure fascination with defense technology or genuine concern for the nation, have continued ever since the war to participate in problems of national defense to the extent of their talents. Not all have succeeded, for defense technology requires a combination of drive, flexibility, and experience not acquired in laboratories. But those who have succeeded include a startling proportion of the most brilliant minds of all. Of the thousand-odd seminal scientific minds in the country, fully a hundred are equally at home at the supreme level of the great quest and the technology of defense.

THOSE who belong in this senior circle of supreme science and top-secret defense thus find themselves accidentally but disturbingly combining a number of roles. As the most influential advisers and panel members of the Defense Department agencies, their voices are proportionately great in the disbursement of Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission funds—eighty-nine per cent of all government support for research and development at nonprofit institutions. They have thus become, in a sense, patrons of their brethren. Simultaneously, as scholars, they have borne the responsibility of leadership in the quest. Finally, they have become

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amateur strategists deeply involved in the politics of war and peace.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that this swiftly developed and curious combination of roles should find them, as men and individuals, unprepared, emotionally or politically, for the new dangers to which the old community of academicians is now exposed. To understand how these dangers have been amplified by the new authority and power of science, one must first examine carefully the partnership between American science and defense.

Soldiers and Scientists

Science and war have been partners since the beginning of history—or at least since Archimedes was chief consultant at the siege of Syracuse. But the partnership of U.S. science and defense since the war has created peculiar problems.

In a large sense, our military tradition has been blessed in having known no Clausewitzes, no Napoleons, no Douhets. Long on riflemen, artillery, and logistics, it has been short on theorists of war. With the exception of a few oddities such as Admiral Alfred T. Mahan and General George Patton (an intellectual of combat in spite of his pistol-packing flamboyance), the senior soldiers and sailors of America have been stolidly unfascinated by the fancies of master military intellects. They have been pragmatists, craftsmen at combat, rarely absorbed as scholars by the higher relations of strategy, policy, and society. Ours has been a sound but unintellectual defense tradition.

Like American scientists of an earlier age, the American soldier reflected an American system of education whose chief concern was with technique, how to make things work. Down to a much later period than the scientists, the soldiers were unprepared to ask the fundamental questions of their craft.

Into this vacuum at the end of the war moved the scientists, dangling weapons and models of weapons yet to come that would revolutionize combat, and promising further sweeping changes. But they came not like the previous purveyors of ordnance, with merely a better gun, a better ship, or a better plane. They came with ideas about how to use the weapons. Some were naïve, some were arrogant; collectively, however, they carried with them the ferment of new strategies, even new philosophies, of combat.

The military, scarcely understanding some of the instruments but vaguely aware that in this new magnitude of weapons new instruction should be sought, set up about themselves diffuse constellations of panels, consultant committees, and advisory boards staffed with as many brilliant scientists as they could find. "Some of the guys at the Pentagon," said one observer, "went around collecting scientists like butterflies—

they all wanted the flashiest collection of brains for their branch."

The Fuze and the Bomb

The soldier-scientist relationship was long in taking form. It had begun even before the war, simply enough, with various individuals knocking on the doors of the armed forces, appearing out of laboratory hermitages with strange gifts for war. At the Carnegie Institution in 1940, a year before Pearl Harbor, several individual scientists decided, spontaneously and independently, that what modern air defense needed was a proximity fuze with a built-in radio transceiver in its nose that would explode on mere nearness to target. With their own laboratory group and with a bit of help from the National Defense Research Committee set up under Vannevar Bush by F. D. R. only that summer, they produced a sample shell and offered it to the U.S. Navy just in time to launch the intensive development of a weapon which, by the end of the war, was one of the key tools in America's arsenal.

Similarly, on an even more important scale, it was the scientists who brought the atomic-energy program into the White House. It is true that one or two scientists in the Office of Naval Research had dimly envisioned the possibility of nuclear fission as a tool of combat. But they had been buried so far down in the hierarchy of our military establishment that no one in command or staff responsibility had even heard of the matter. The Manhattan District was born out of the impulse of academicians, leaping directly over all military categories and procedures to communicate with the source of American political power.

The relationship developed further during the war, not only at the top where, under the gifted leadership of Vannevar Bush and James Conant, scientists dealt with the White House, but at the grassroots level, where scientists began to think of their fantastic work not as individual projects but as components of the entire national defense. The cherished compartmentalization of military research was ignored again and again as scientists of one team made known to scientists of another team the significant discoveries and breakthroughs that might aid men working on seemingly unrelated matters to solve defense problems.

In this fashion the scientific side of defense became gradually not simply a matter of calculation and laboratory investigation of a finite, limited assignment but the pursuit of an over-all problem in defense of the nation, whose security the scientists must seek on the grandest scale. The abstract qualities of inquisitiveness and creativeness that are the marks of the scientist could not be restrained. Scientists are men who, after exhaustively mastering the details and the techniques, have enough energy left to ask the fundamental questions: How? Why? For what purpose?

THE SYSTEM as it has now evolved has caused the interpenetration of academic science and the military at their upper levels to an extent scarcely realized by either. It has given U.S. science and universities authority in national defense unknown in other countries, but it has simultaneously made many of our universities organs and branches of government, and as much servants to policy as consultants on policy.

(*Continued on page 30*)

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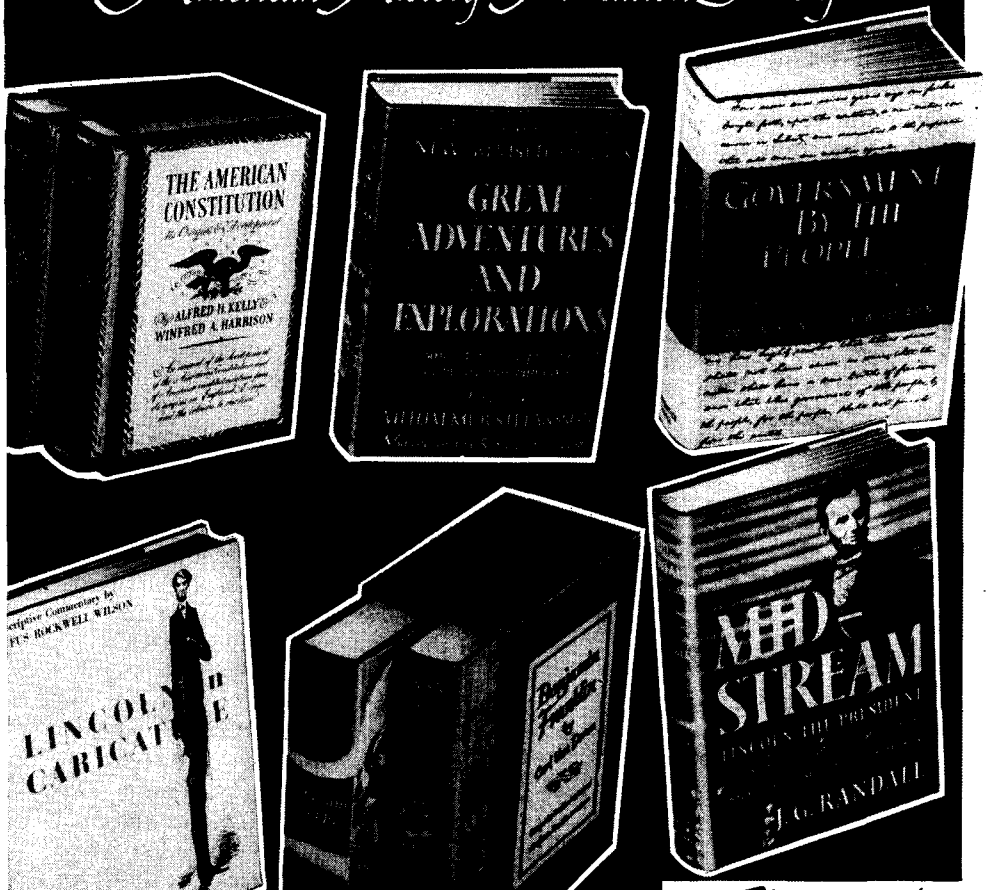

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The holy of holies of U.S. warmaking power, Los Alamos, is not a Defense Department establishment. It is an institution operated on contract by the University of California, staffed by choices of the president and regents of that university. The center of American continental-defense study, Project LINCOLN in Cambridge, is not an Air Force establishment; it operates on contract directed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'Summer Studies'

No other nation, certainly, can duplicate the remarkable American device of the "summer study." Summer studies are simply sessions at which Army, Navy, or Air Force or all three gather groups of the nation's best academic scientists from various fields and dump into their laps an entire problem of war. The known names of these studies—so many of them are secret—ring the changes on most of the major developments of American strategy since the war: Project CHARLES (piloted air defense), Project EAST RIVER (civilian defense), Project HARTWELL (sea-transport security), and Project VISTA (combat and combat support in Europe) each wrenched defense thinking out of previous molds. In none of these or similar studies could the scientist be useful simply as gadgeteer. His opinions and creations could not be separated from primary considerations of their effect on fundamental military policy and global strategy.

Nor could these opinions be offered without implied criticism or intervention in bitter disputes within the military itself; consciously or not, scientists became involved in the supreme but secret problems of national survival.

It was Project VISTA of 1951, for example, that triggered the development that was to change the design of European defense. Project VISTA met at the California Institute of Technology to consider the defense of western Europe. Until then, all America's limited stocks of fissile uranium had been hoarded for the Strategic Air Command alone. By then, with uranium in relatively plentiful supply, the scientists saw what the Army (hitherto only meagerly informed about atomic energy) could not see and the Air Force (worried about its bomb stockpile) did not want to see: that uranium could be tooled into nuclear missiles deliverable in support of infantrymen on the combat line in Europe. Out of Project VISTA came the nuclear weapons program for ground support first broached to Eisenhower at SHAPE by four scientists, Robert Oppenheimer, Charles Lauritsen, Lee DuBridge, and Walter Whitman.

BUT NO PROBLEM of national defense is clear-cut, nor can scientists or generals ever hope to debate without taking sides, indulging in hyperbole or violent contention. Over the years, as patterns of individual reaction have developed dividing both generals and scientists,

Oppenheimer

it has been difficult to keep the disputes born within the secrecy of security from spilling over into the open community of science, where the disputant is both quester and patron; it has been equally difficult to keep these scientific disputes away from the political and military disputes of generals and statesmen.

It is thus that many scientists now read the long Oppenheimer hearing. They see it as a trial in which one of their number was caught not because of deeds committed but because of opinions offered. The issue, despite the attendant legalism, was whether within the councils of national debate a scientist should be allowed to express an opinion beyond the techniques of invention and gadgetry. It was not, as they see it, whether Oppenheimer was right or wrong; but whether in the search for policy a scientist could permit himself the indispensable luxury of offering advice and opinion without exposure to retaliation and charge of crime if decision went otherwise.

Oppenheimer vs. SAC

As they look at it, three matters dominated the long inquiry. The first was Oppenheimer's eleven-year-old lie about Dr. Haakon Chevalier, long known, long confessed, long atoned, and long cleared. The other two, intertwined, were both new and occupied far more of the investigation than the Chevalier incident. These were his attitudes toward the thermonuclear bomb and continental defense. In these issues Oppenheimer had ranged himself and his enormous prestige against many cherished Air Force projects, specifically against the will of the Strategic Air Command.

SAC had accepted with little grace the stripping of its monopoly on fissile weapons by Project VISTA, in which Oppenheimer had been so prominent. It had earlier found Oppenheimer advocating international control of atomic energy, next found him advocating nuclear weapons for ground troops, and pushing nuclear submarines for the Navy. He was reluctant to undertake an H-bomb program in 1949, and finally lent his name and prestige to the LINCOLN summer study of 1952. The LINCOLN study on continental defense, though an Air Force-sponsored study to begin with, was nevertheless highly suspect to SAC. Its recommendation for an elaborate and expensive air-warning defense net would be certain to challenge SAC's own huge claim on the Air Force's limited budget. (Over and over again, during the hearings, Oppenheimer found himself questioned as to whether his participation in the continental-defense study

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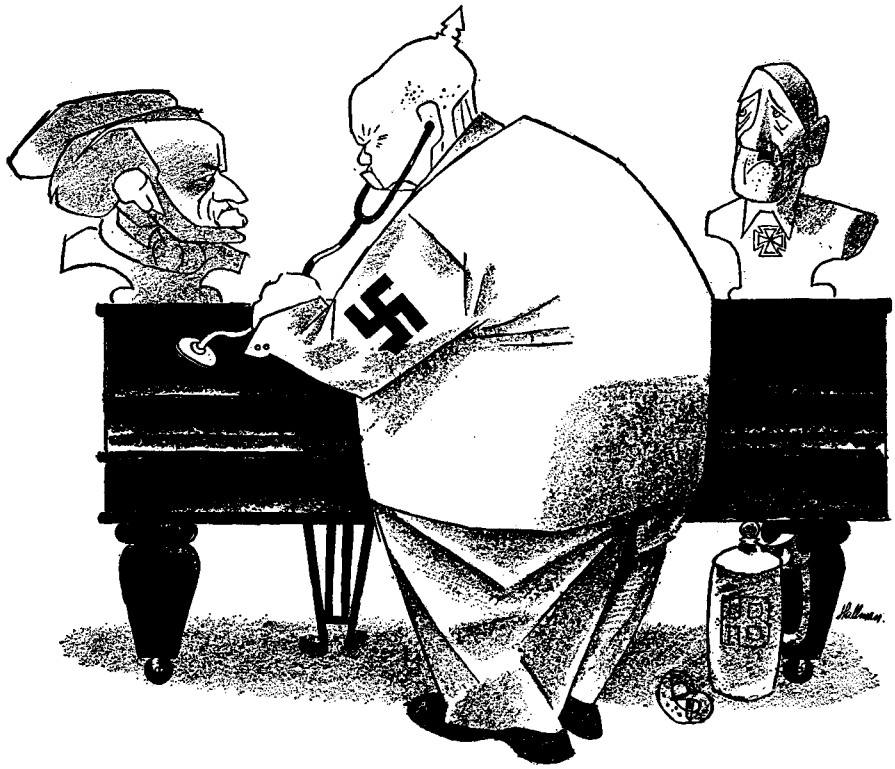

Nazi science turned all university research over to the direction of a hack, second-rate chemist whose specialty was the vibration of piano strings

reflected a desire to whittle down America's offensive striking power.)

The frame of mind of some Air Force officers is best reflected in the testimony of Major General Roscoe Wilson, who said, ". . . I felt compelled to go to the Director of Intelligence to express my concern over what I felt was a pattern of action [by Dr. Oppenheimer] that was simply not helpful to national defense. . . . I went to Intelligence . . . because . . . I was uncomfortable. . . . If I had thought that there had been an overt act . . . I would probably have appealed to the Provost Marshal."

But such criticism by a blunt and honest general—who also testified to his belief in Oppenheimer's loyalty—was not what shocked the scientific community.

What was disconcerting was how such testimony could be followed by and interlocked with testimony from within the community of science itself. It was this testimony, coming as a revelation of their own unpreparedness for power, demonstrating how old rifts within science had now become dangerous, that convinced many that science has become only one among several elements that shape the community of scientists.

Science has always been a field split with rivalries and clashes, some of them intensely bitter and harmful, some of them highly productive. But these rivalries have hitherto been settled by the discipline of science itself, by judgments finally made on the unquestionable test of observed experimental result. Scientists, secure in the precision and clarity of their experiments or theories, have hitherto been armored against rivals who challenged them. Each has been powerless to hurt permanently any other in the arena in which science was formerly conducted.

But the arena today is increasingly the government's arena. A doctrinal dispute is no longer settled by dean and faculty alone, or by fellow academicians. It can be appealed to politics, to administration, or to the policemen of the security system.

In the Oppenheimer case, for the first time, scientists ranged themselves against scientists, some gloatingly, some with utmost personal reluctance, to lend their prestige and opinions to the excommunication of another. The state of shock in which scientists find themselves is similar to that of children who find that blades have been fixed to the wooden swords with which they played. Now they cut. Even those who criticized Oppenheimer in the past have recoiled in a sense of alarm. Nor do they know whom to criticize. Such a man as David Griggs, former chief scientific adviser to the Air Force, a man of modest attainments in science? (He had questioned Oppenheimer's loyalty and Oppenheimer had called him "paranoid.") Such a man as Edward Teller, an authentic genius and recognized as such in his field, letting theoretical and administrative differences with Oppenheimer be twisted into a denial of Oppenheimer's right to participate in security-shrouded secrets?

Some scientists believe that they have reduced themselves from their old monastic brotherhood into lesser men whose quarrels may be judged in police court. Or, as one of them said: "We have briefly entered the riches of the medieval church and are starting to resemble the fat friars grasping for temporal power through ecclesiastic politics."

In university as well as in government laboratories, they find the course of their future work shaped by government's ability to grant or withdraw favors; they know that the leadership of their community is deeply enmeshed with defense, hence subject to political judgment; and now they, as individuals, are permanently vulnerable.

The Weakened Defense

The majority of scientists who created and now direct the defense technology of the United States seem in broad agreement that what happened last summer has hurt the national defense beyond any easily calculable measurement.

In their reading, what happened in the Oppenheimer case was not a matter of security. No question of security, of lack of discretion, or of revelation of secrets was ever raised.

What happened, they feel, was that judgment was made on the usefulness of an individual, using his past political opinions as pretext, without any recognizable balancing of contribution rendered against politically unpalatable personal

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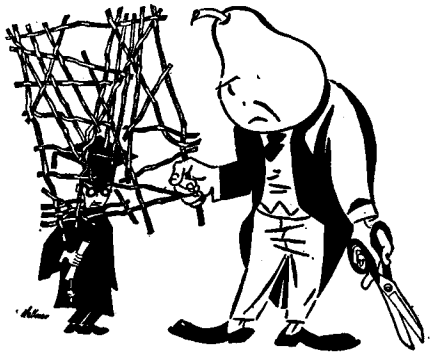
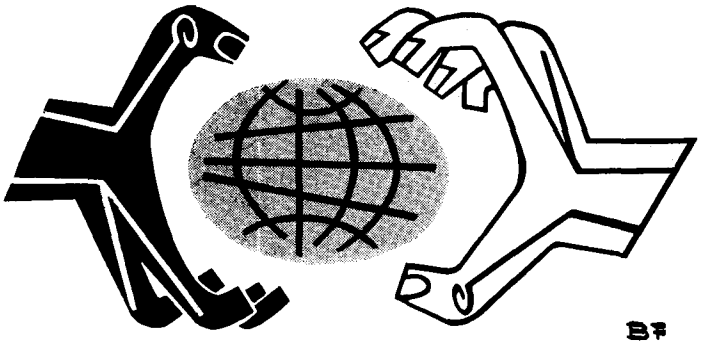
conduct. In the words of one Defense Department official, "It was like performing an appendectomy with a crowbar."

No scientist interviewed by this writer condones Oppenheimer's naïve lie of 1943; but that lie, they all felt, was to be weighed against positive atonement and demonstration of loyalty. Their conviction that Oppenheimer was trapped for opinions and conduct beyond the frame of loyalty and security has been hardly allayed by the Atomic Energy Commission's shrewd decision to ignore Oppenheimer's opinions in its final verdict and base its refusal of his appeal almost solely on the Chevalier incident.

But the threat to defense does not arise from the general storm of comment and muttering after the Oppenheimer case—not from the internationally famous biologist who says, "For the first time in my life I've thought seriously of living and doing my work in another country," nor from the physicist, looking forward to a routine sabbatical leave, saying, "It'll be good to be at Oxford for a year, just to be able to think without worrying about this sort of thing." Most of this muttering is simply emotional hurt, and is almost surely outweighed by unquenchable devotion like that expressed by Jerrold Zacharias, M.I.T.'s nuclear physics chief, who said: "This is the only country we've got, and these are tough times, and we want to help it."

The threat arises negatively, but nonetheless seriously, from the attitude of caution it imposes on scientists whose work or imagination may contribute to defense. It is reflected by one of the physicists who said in a temper, "Well, that's the last time I'll ever sit down at a table with Edward Teller and shoot my mouth





off about what I'm thinking." For if scientists now regard each other not only as scientists but as rivals capable of destroying them, if they carefully weigh their own vulnerability before expressing the random, intuitive thoughts out of which great concepts often are born, then the support panels, advisory groups, and defense summer studies lose effectiveness. Each scientist somehow feels himself the more exposed the more vigorously he has allowed himself to consider the greater national interest and clash with men of different views. Said one of the operators on Project LINCOLN, "When you see something that can be disastrous to the country, when you find yourself one of the only dozen people in the country who understand it or have access to the secrets, what do you do? This is a problem of every guy's conscience. I'm not prepared to sit on my butt and after this country has been demolished by an H-bomb say I could have prevented it, or it might have been otherwise. When we debate with the soldiers and the public has to be excluded, who represents the public?"

Wall of Caution

It is disconcerting to learn that a Lawrence and a Teller were able to circumvent Oppenheimer by appealing directly to a Senator on the Hill. It is not good to hear an Oppenheimer referring to a Lawrence and a Teller as two "promoters." It is disturbing to listen to a group of suspicious scientists wondering who put pressure on an absent one to make the statements he did. (The absent one had stated officially and publicly that an atomic explosion in far-off Nevada had been performed as carefully as under laboratory conditions; but all the rest knew that the unexplained fall-out had been so great that even in faraway Brookhaven, Long Island, the pile building had to be closed down because so much dust-borne radiation was being tracked in.) It is upsetting to hear the bitterness with which the East Coast scientists speak of their Berkeley brethren. "O.K.," said one East Coast scientist in bitterness, "if so-and-so can get Oppy on the thermonuclear, then we can get him. Nobody has talked about the quarter-billion-dollar butch he made during the war—or the bigger one he's made since."

Somehow, brutally, a wall of caution has been erected between science and the defense establishments; no man in the future wants to give anybody else a leverage to exclude him from the secrets. They will do their work, most of them say, when asked and do it as well as they know how. But nobody will stick his neck out.

Scientists who have spent the past decade dividing their efforts between defense of the nation and the quest for knowledge cannot help but worry. They make a distinction among themselves between "science" and "invention." What the nation now seems to want is inventors, not scientists—and inventors may not be enough.

Professor Norman Ramsey, Jr., theorist and bomb expert, put his finger on the problem most aptly in reflecting recently on the Russian system: "The Russian system," he said, "is an effective one for hitting a defined objective. But the great advantage of a free system is that we are more apt to see beyond the immediate objective. The Russian scientists are good at doing what the government wants them to do, but our system more easily lets scientists suggest or discover objectives the government never dreamt of. We argue, and it is in this area where people argue that you finally reach the right decision. Even if a system of controlled science

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were as effective as ours, you must remember that we only know how to operate under our system. If one tried to switch our free system to a controlled or Russian model, the thirty years of transition would produce worse science than either the Russian way or the old American way."

The Troubled Quest

Though many scientists believe that defense has been hurt, they are not equally certain how this past year's events will affect the great quest itself.

This correspondent spoke during the summer to almost thirty American scientists. None could define with precision just what effect the changing mood of America, if it persists, may have on the future of American science. Yet all gropingly tried to put into words some strange malaise that had never entered their thoughts before.

With admirable detachment, several observed that it was not science as science that was threatened—except as an incidental casualty in a general anarchy of security standards. In recent years this anarchy had decimated the ranks of diplomacy and the State Department; this year it was lapping up over science; next year it might invade other isolated and previously immune areas. Defense technology was merely the conspicuous branch of science affected, but the same pressures rested on physics in vast nonclassified areas, on biologists in their benign inquiries into life, on anyone who sought support or aid of the government.

The peculiar present vulnerability of American science, they point out, has come precisely because it has expanded so rapidly in the past ten years under government patronage. It has drawn in new kinds of young men, mobilized them in new forms of co-operative inquiry, and excited their ambitions with new stimuli of power.

And here lies the danger. For triumph in pure science, in the enticing opportunities just around the corner, depends above all on the quality of men's minds, on the relative attractions and repulsions government wardenship sets up in the kinds of minds that can achieve great science.

More than anything else, scientists like to compare the quality of great science with that of great art. The triumphant scientific conceptions are loved by other scientists for the quality of imagination that reaches out to weave known elements and materials into an image of reality first perceived by one man's mind alone. Frequently the driest scientific discussion will use the word "elegant"

to describe some particularly intriguing fancy or association. Thus even Oppenheimer, discussing the concept of the thermonuclear bomb as solved by Teller, wrenches from his lips the phrasing: ". . . it was a sweet and lovely and beautiful job."

This type of mind flourishes mostly on the questioning of premises, seeking the new in repudiation of the old. And, say many of the scientists, it is difficult to see how one can attract to science minds whose unorthodoxies and inquiries will be limited to the laboratory cubicle, whose outside interests and conduct will offend none of the many cherished and contradictory political moods of the patron public, both present and future.

Perhaps a larger proportion of scientists than other men have chosen their vocation for its immunity from hustle and strife. And when a routine application for a grant to support medical research (as at Columbia University) results in an investigation at the applicant's apartment house (Does he drink? Does he throw wild parties? Do they have strange visitors at night?), science loses not only glamour but manpower too. Of the few students at the medical school hovering in indecision between a life of research and a life in private practice, several certainly will be shaken from research.

This correspondent sat recently at lunch with eight young doctoral students at an Eastern university all working on a government-granted million-dollar nuclear accelerator. They munched on their sandwiches and talked of the various jobs that were opening in June. There were several openings at Los Alamos and no one wanted them. I pressed them on this point, and finally, in most scientific fashion, they polled themselves around the table as to whether they would prefer to work at Los Alamos on cross-sections or work for Sylvania, a commercial corporation, on transistors. They preferred Sylvania, they said. "Because of the money?" I asked. No, they said, the openings at Los Alamos paid more. "Well, how much more would it take to get you to work for the government on cross-sections than for Sylvania on transistors?" Again they polled themselves and decided that, as married men, a margin of $1,500 to $2,000 a year more at Los Alamos would probably pay them to work for the government and take the risk. "What risk?" I asked. "Well," said one of them, "it's not that we object to working for the government, and if there's a national emergency, of course we'll all be there; but it's a hell of a thought to think that you go to work for the government now and fifteen years later any politician can pull the noose around your neck just because he didn't like the clubs you joined at school."

In the opinion of most scientists, one cannot measure the effect of the new security procedures by simply counting up the numbers involved. It is true, one government executive pointed out, that the original founders of Brookhaven National Laboratory (which is dedicated to nonclassified research) found that of the men they wanted to recruit, only

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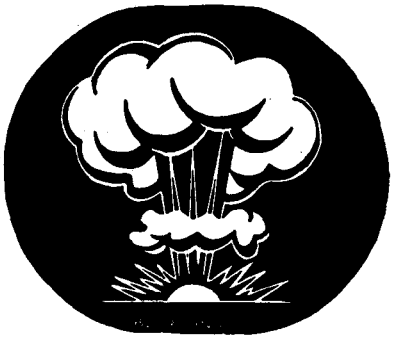


twenty per cent had the stigma of "derogatory information" in their dossiers; these had to be "bulled through" to clearance over administrative opposition. But if these had not been forced through to clearance, perhaps half the others the government wanted would have refused to come.

It is disturbing that the Public Health Service has refused thirty persons since June, 1952, out of two thousand grants a year, because of "derogatory information." But as one biologist on a Public Health Service grant said, "It is even more disturbing because all the other grantees have an uneasy feeling; they have been made aware that the awarding of grants for nonsecret work is no longer based purely on the merits and competence of the investigator. No one knows what political criteria are being used by administrators who make such decisions behind locked doors—without consultation with representatives of the scientific community, without any formal procedure, without offering any recourse of appeal for those who have been blacklisted. And those who have been blacklisted in this manner may find it increasingly difficult to obtain even moderate support from the private foundations, for these foundations are themselves under attack from government committees and hence are in no position to harbor refugees from government blacklists."

Science and America

Scientists know that their own work, the inner harmony of their minds, is deeply affected by the mood of the society that nourishes them.

And it is this mood that is most discouraging. For U.S. science, in conscious struggle, has lifted itself finally out of the old once-valid tradition of American pragmatism into the realm of fundamentals, of the deep, pervasive contemplation of truths and theories that answer the everlasting whys and hows. Partly by accident, partly by calculated wisdom, it has been ushered into more power and authority than the community of science in any other country. And here it is trapped, for it cannot stand alone, inviolate, in the political turmoil of the nation.

The precise label on the trap is the word "security," and security, in its politically accepted sense, is the ultimate expression of the old pragmatic gadgeteering approach to life. Security, as administratively interpreted, is a negative concept that works by excluding, classifying, and subtracting from the creative process whatever mind or fancy seems disturbing, hence possibly dangerous. It is to be achieved by rigid rules, policed from within and compressed by conformity from the outside.

Yet security, as scientists see it, cannot be negative. For security interpreted as power must be positive, to be achieved by the multiplication of the most diverse and fertile minds in even their bizarre intuitions and expressions. It was this positive diversity that gave American science its present lead over all other nations.

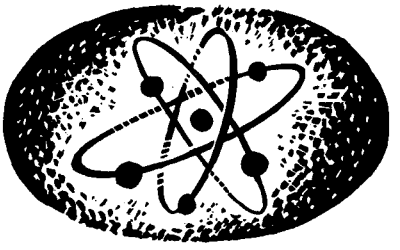
Security, as Lloyd Berkner pointed out recently, cannot be achieved even in its narrowest military sense by classification and compression of information. The two most startling military innovations of the First World War—poison gas and the tank—had almost no effect on the outcome of that war. They had no effect simply because they were shrouded in such secrecy, divulged in such restricted compartments, that when they were finally introduced no soldier in the field knew how to use them either strategically or tactically to gain the victory they might have made certain.

Yet science's relations to security are not narrowly military. The Americans are engaged in a race with the Russians, as long as the two states exist, for dominance of the world. The Russian state, whose very essence is method, police, and security, nurses a science of great effectiveness but little ingenuity. It is derivative, far more than American science has ever been derivative, of other men's theories and insights born elsewhere. It is a science umbilically linked to espionage and parasitism on other men's fundamental work. In the race with this kind of science, U.S. science must start already handicapped. The power and the advantage that American science can give to America depend solely on America's ability to let imagination rove freely or wildly, awkwardly or arrogantly, even foolishly, wherever the mind wants to go.

No scientist this correspondent has talked to has claimed immunity from the obligations of good citizenship that rest upon others. Nor does any believe that in a strife-roiled world science can ignore the requirements of loyalty, or the dictates of secrecy where the fashioning of weapons is involved. No scientist, they point out, has ever been guilty of such a breach of security as the publication of the Oppenheimer report itself. Science concedes the need of the government to protect itself; what alarms it is the spreading of the limited military concept of security to the point where the true security and welfare of the nation are hurt. And when security spills over from the original area of weapons technology, where it is legitimate, into areas of biology, medicine, and pure research, into the condition and temper of free men's minds, then the vitality of American science is eroded and the nation's health is undermined.

It is with a sense of helplessness that most scientists rest their case. Somehow, they insist, rules and procedures must be set up to safeguard security without crushing the inner essence of science which is creation, no matter how it expresses itself. But this, they say, is a task not for science to solve. It is a task for statesmen.

(This is the second of two articles by Mr. White on the state of U.S. science.)



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Esprit de What? Our Army and Morale

H. W. BLAKELEY

"The most powerful weapon on earth is the human soul on fire," said Marshal Foch. Any army needs this flaming upsurge to win in battle. And our Army, along with the Marines, needs it more than the Air Force or the Navy. Its battle casualties are higher, its living conditions in a combat area are harder, and it is generally more dependent on the spirit of the individual to win.

The Air Force and the Navy, with some exceptions, have their men in containers. The combat performance of a bomber or destroyer is strongly influenced by leadership, but in the last analysis it depends on the fighting spirit of the individual soldier.

There is endless testimony to the fact that the single element that contributes most to this fighting spirit is *esprit de corps,* unit pride, regimental spirit, or whatever you want to call it. Unfortunately, individual rotation has made the soldier feel like a wandering stranger, not a member of a team.

Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor of the New York *Times,* summed up the situation this way in a *Saturday Evening Post* article: "Today, rotation and turnover, and the Army's replacement system, have made the fine old regiments—Custer's 7th Cavalry, . . . the 38th [Infantry], the 9th and the rest—merely numbers on the roster; not living, breathing parts of a continuing tradition.

"The services must at all costs build up unit *esprit*. . . . A service 'home,' less rotation, less career guidance, less emphasis on individual schooling and training, more unit integrity and cohesiveness — these are the needs."

There has been ample evidence of similar thinking in letters to the editor of the *Combat Forces Journal.* A National Guard major general wrote: "We will never win the next war with those faceless things that G-1 calls 'bodies'—we must have units that know their traditions and will die for them." A corporal wrote from overseas a bitter letter about the "wasted pride" of veterans who made great efforts to get back to their regiments but did not "find the 'personality' they left." The British infantry, he said, has high morale: "The reason lies in organization. Each British soldier . . . belongs to a regiment. Each regiment has a personality which its history gives it, a tradition brought down by the old ones in the outfit."

Feeling of Security

From the viewpoint of the young soldier (in distinction from consideration of the stimulus to win in combat), the soldier's need to feel that he "belongs," that he is the member of a military family, is greater in peacetime than in wartime. This need comes partly from the lack of national interest in the armed forces in times of peace. It stems more from the fact that more than half of the young men enlisting in periods when the draft is not operating usually come from broken homes. Whether the home difficulties are caused by death, divorce, or an unsympathetic stepfather or stepmother, the recruit needs and gets a feeling of security when he joins a unit and stays in it throughout his enlistment.

Traditionally and logically, the Army has built its infantry *esprit* on regimental pride. In armor and in the artillery, where the battalion has generally become the color-bearing unit, the battalion is the logical level.

Can something be done to give our Army the unit pride which is clearly valuable in war and in peace? How is it that the Marines, the British, and perhaps the Russians have better *esprit?* At what level is the "unit-replacement system," which Mr. Baldwin says the Army must have, desirable? At what level is it possible? Should divisions be rotated? Or regiments or battalions or companies or platoons or squads—or, as has already been tried, four-man teams?

Let us take a look at some of the outfits that are supposed to have much higher morale than our Army. When Mr. Baldwin deplores, in his article, the lack of *esprit de corps* in our regular services, he always inserts, "except for the Marines." He reflects, of course, an opinion held by many—certainly including the Marines.

Basically, the Marine's pride is based on constant emphasis in all training, from boot camp on up, that "You are a Marine." It is a sound basis in a relatively small organization. The Marines nearly lost this advantage when they expanded to a huge organization during the Second World War, began to use division shoulder patches, and in other ways departed from what is a sound system in a small corps.

British Regiments

The British regimental system, which has worked well over the years, is actually more like our Marine Corps organization than regimental in our Army sense. The British regiment is not a tactical organization like ours. It is rather a group of battalions bound together by an honorary colonel and sometimes a colonel-in-chief, plus tradition, history, a regimental march, distinctive uniforms or at least insignia, and other intangible but binding ties. The Black Watch Regiment, for example, may have only one or two battalions in peacetime, and expand to twenty, thirty, or forty in time of war. These battalions will rarely

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serve together—even two or three of them—but the recruit is normally "brought up" in the regimental depot by officers and senior noncommissioned officers with long service and great pride in their regiment. When a Black Watch recruit goes to his battalion—perhaps on the other side of the world—he makes the trip with other Black Watch soldiers, and joins what has become to him a part of his family—a battalion of the Black Watch.

To quote a distinguished British Army officer: "Pride in regiment is still the foundation of the British soldier's stubborn valor." When the survivors of the battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment that was nearly wiped out in Korea returned to England, they were received with ceremonies, honors, and general public acclaim that must have added much to regimental morale. How many Americans know that it was the first battalion of the 21st Infantry Regiment of the 24th Division that first met the Communists in Korea?

Our own Army, throughout its history, has done much, sometimes with assistance from Congress, to destroy unit pride. In 1815, all infantry regiments were combined into fewer units and renumbered. "Some sinister effort," says Major Ganoe in his *The History of the United States Army*, "must have been at work to deprive all the old regiments of their traditions and spirit. For no plan could have more shrewdly damned any existing pride and affiliations than the way the Army was diabolically jumbled." General Herr in his recent book, *The History of the United States Cavalry*, tells how the same thing happened to the cavalry in 1861. "This changing of names," he says, "was bad for morale, for the years had accumulated many traditions and much sentiment about the old titles." The artillery had similar experiences. It sometimes functioned as single, numbered batteries; it was sometimes organized into lettered batteries and numbered regiments.

Death of a Division

Old stuff? After the Second World War, I, as a former commander of the 4th Infantry Division, did everything I could to prevent the inactivation of the division's 8th, 12th, and 22nd Infantry Regiments—three of the oldest and most distinguished regiments in the Army. I was told that temporary inactivation made no difference.

The regiments were indeed reactivated in a few months, but with almost completely new rosters of officers. Many noncoms of long service had been scattered to various schools and other installations and could not get back to their regiments even

though a considerable number, discharged at the end of the war and unwilling to trust the recruiting system during the days of hysterical demobilization, had paid their own way or hitchhiked to the station of their regiment to re-enlist. In the case of one regiment, the regimental commander, several months after reactivation, could find no trace of the officers' mess equipment, or of the pictures, trophies, and souvenirs acquired during the long history of the regiment.

As recently as 1953, the colonel of the 2nd Infantry Regiment, another of those that had been inactivated, appealed for information about the location of the "trophies, mementos, pictures, and related material" of his unit. Temporary, expedient inactivation of regiments *does* make a difference, for continuity of history and tradition contribute greatly to what psychologists call "group character."

A suggestion often made is that our regiments should be named rather than numbered, but this hardly seems to be a forward step in the building of morale. The use of a nickname such as "The Garry Owens" for the 7th Cavalry Regiment, "The Old Guard" for the 3rd Infantry, "The Wolfhounds" for the 27th Infantry, or "The Double Deucers" for the 22nd Infantry, is something else, and adds a distinctive touch without losing what little we have retained of regimental tradition. A number, as applied to a regiment, can become as distinctive as a number often is in civil life. Fifth Avenue, for example, brings to mind a picture of a standard of luxury.

The Trouble With Rotation . . .

"Pride in a military unit," as *Time* once said, "is often a good substitute for big pay in a blanket factory," but even with every discouragement to the development of this pride, good leaders have achieved amazingly good results, particularly in Korea. Individual rotation, as S. L. A. Marshall pointed out in *The Atlantic* after a tour in Korea, was supposed to be a bulwark to fighting morale and a conserver of human material. "Analyzed in the field," he says, "where men were fighting, it proved to be none of these things." He quotes a general as saying: "The trouble with rotation isn't that we haven't made it work, but that someone in Washington will get the idea that it's good."

General J. Lawton Collins, after a visit to Korea in early 1953, praised the "continued high morale of the Eighth Army," but pointed out the fact that "we are literally rebuilding it in the face of the enemy for the third time."

Individual rotation overseas and career management as currently practiced are designed to be coldly, mathematically fair to each soldier. The two-year draft law adds to the problem, of course, but, to quote Mr. Baldwin again, the Army's personnel policies are in his opinion "execrable," and various nonessentials "have been emphasized, whereas the basic job of any armed force —to create effective fighting units— has been subordinated."

Face the Music

Mr. Baldwin's solution is certain to be regarded as a little vague by the General Staff: "We must bring back the bands—figuratively, as well as literally. . . . A regiment begins to

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coalesce as a unit when it marches, battle streamers fluttering from the staffs, behind its own band." Each division now has one rather large band. The same number of men divided among three infantry regiments of a division would give each regiment its own band available to play a battalion along a road or to play for a medal presentation or retreat ceremony. If there must be a concert band to play symphonic music at division headquarters, the three bands could be combined occasionally for the purpose. It is significant that many regiments try against considerable odds to organize field music (drums and bugles) in order to have marching music of their own.

ONLY the Army General Staff, with complete knowledge of the pressing factors of money, men, and transportation involved, can work out a detailed solution to give the Army back its regimental and battalion *esprit* with the resultant improvement in teamwork and reduction in the strain on unit commanders which goes with the present high turnover both of officers and enlisted men. If it can be done, the Army should be a more attractive place for career officers and noncommissioned officers—and even for those who serve for two years.

Training Regiments

Organizations everywhere are, of course, constantly losing men by reason of expiration of terms of service, desertion, death, physical disability, or family hardship. Replacing these losses with teams of four men or with squads, platoons, or even companies has some advantages. But the advantages gained from the instilling in the recruit of pride in his regiment or battalion are lost unless these men come from a depot or divisional replacement center that has the specific mission of preparing soldiers for the organization to which they are to be assigned.

One possible solution of the problem, therefore, is a training regiment in this country for each division overseas. The training regiment's composition could be varied to meet expected needs, and both regimental and divisional pride would be developed early in the soldier's career. Career officers and noncommissioned officers returned to this country would normally be attached to this training regiment to the extent that it could use them with due regard for school assignments and other detached service. They would remain assigned to their overseas regiments or at least would be permitted to wear their insignia. Under this system there would necessarily be some assignments of officers and noncoms to regiments other than their own if some units were to stay for long periods either overseas or in this country.

Another solution is to move regiments of infantry and battalions of other arms overseas and back *as units* at intervals of about eighteen months, replacing only one organization in a division at a time. This would probably be more expensive in terms of transportation costs, and would result in the disappearance of the long-established association of regiments and battalions with a specific division. A plan along these lines is now being developed with the hope that if world conditions remain reasonably peaceful, it can be inaugurated as early as 1955.

The moving of divisions as a whole has many obvious advantages from the viewpoint of teamwork and morale. There is also the point that in case of war we would probably have a division-in-being in transit instead of several thousand unassigned individuals of no value for emergency use.

ALL POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS run up against the cold mathematics of men and money, but that does not alter the fact that battles are more likely to be won when the men fighting them have warm pride in their units.

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Mr. Shibata Goes Into Business

A. R. GODSIL

TOKYO

THE Genuflex Camera Company was founded in 1949. The name, with its suggestion of sincerity, appealed strongly to Ichiro Shibata, the founder, and it was some time before he understood why Americans smiled when he produced his visiting card. Shibata is portly but tall for a Japanese. He has the clean-shaven, benign expression of a provincial bishop. However, he patronizes a better tailor than a bishop could afford, and his two-tone shoes are decidedly not ecclesiastical. Although he speaks little English, his diplomatic cocktail smile is irresistible.

He owes his good fortune in large part to this charm. His knowledge of cameras was slight, but in his prewar position of assistant financial secretary to one of the Mitsui combines he came to know many different types of technicians.

Soon after the war, Shibata observed the demand for good-quality cameras from the U.S. Army post exchanges. He collected two or three former Mitsui optical technicians who had not been purged, and by selling some of his wealthy wife's property he was able to incorporate his company, rent an unused munitions factory, and collect an unskilled labor force.

Chevrolet to Buick

The original company was capitalized at half a million yen. He was able to raise only a small part of this sum and had to look about for fellow directors. Here his old-school ties (Sumida University, class of 1921) proved extremely useful, and before long he had collected some thirty per cent of the required capital. The remaining seventy per cent was borrowed on a short-term basis from loan companies, insurance companies, and one or two banks whose presidents were also Sumida men.

By 1952, the Genuflex had established itself as one of the leading reflex cameras out of a field of some twenty-five competitors. There were still one or two serious problems, however. The first was the question of dividends. It is customary in Japan to issue annual dividends of anywhere between twenty and thirty per cent. In order to meet this large withdrawal of cash each year and to pay the high interest rates on his short-term borrowings, Shibata did what many other Japanese enterprisers do: He increased his capital. At the close of business that year, his capital stood at two million yen, of which he still had controlling interest and of which about sixty per cent was still borrowed capital costing between ten and fifteen per cent a year in interest.

At this stage, it might be well to explain that this constant increasing of capital does not have serious consequences, nor is the problem given the careful thought in Japan that it is in America. In the first place, the value of the yen dropped steadily between 1949 and 1953, and there was considerable speculation. Under normal company law in Japan, par for shares is generally set at fifty yen. In the case of Genuflex and hundreds of other companies, daily quotations stood at two or three times this figure. By issuing two fifty-yen shares of new stock for one of old in lieu of dividends, the directors turned themselves into very rich men with no noticeable improvement in the company itself.

But business was good. The Army continued to buy 750 cameras a month from Shibata out of his total production of 900 units. Shibata sold the Chevrolet which he had been operating under the name of a friendly G.I. and bought a new Buick. The company was very glad to pay for the car and the eighty-four per cent tax out of expenses. He engaged his wife's cousin's nephew as driver. The youth did not know how to drive, but again the company was happy to pay for lessons and his license out of entertainment funds. Shibata also joined the Hodogaya Golf Club.

Yet Shibata was worried. He had been neglecting his patriotic duty. He had not yet begun to export his products. After efforts to sell direct to importers abroad, and after trying to appoint four or five "sole" export agents simultaneously, as many of his competitors had done, he finally had to accept the offer of a foreign import-export company and appoint it his *only* sole export agent. His national pride took some beating down, but he had begun to realize that few foreign buyers would deal direct with an unknown Japanese manufacturer. The deal was signed in 1953.

Overhead at the Top

The agreement with Sharpe Traders, Inc., his new sole agents, came as a godsend. The machinery at the plant was more than thirty years old and a great deal of the work still had to be done by hand. Shibata estimated that with an export market virtually assured and with the new machinery purchased from Sharpe Traders against promissory notes, his factory could easily double its output. It would mean that the monthly turnover would exceed his total capital, but this is not an uncommon feature of any Japanese company. It was relatively easy to borrow further from his bankers by giving them minor directorships. So confident was he that he gave a memorable geisha party that lasted into the small hours of the morning, by which time Shibata was more than ever convinced that the cost of the party (two hundred thousand yen) would be but a minute fraction of profits which would certainly accrue over the first year of export shipments.

Sharpe Traders had already lined

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up a contract to supply a retail chain in the United States with these cameras at a very small profit, relying on rapid turnover and quality merchandise to make the deal pay for itself. Therefore one of their first requests was for a statement of production costs. This took Shibata by surprise and baffled his accountants. They set about the task gamely and in six months produced a set of figures showing that about thirty per cent of costs went to cover entertainment allowances, directors' fees, and Shibata's salary. Labor accounted for thirty per cent. Material, much of it imported, made up the rest, with small deductions for taxes, depreciation, etc. It spoke highly for Sharpe Traders' knowledge of Japan that they did not ask for further information but politely returned the figures, asking for a recheck.

The average worker at Genuflex received only about fifteen thousand yen a month, but the numbers employed were incredible, even if Shibata's relatives were not included. Each director (by this time there were twelve) had his private office, office boy, and tea girl. The more senior directors also had private reception rooms. There were also innumerable supervisors who checked the work of other innumerable foremen who supervised the actual labor force. Sharpe Traders once calculated that it took eight signatures and four different printed forms to allow the teamaker to order a pound of green tea. A great deal was consumed.

Enter Herr Doktor Schmidt

Toward the middle of 1953, Shibata received a letter from Professor Schmidt, an eminent German lens scientist. Professor Schmidt was interested in producing lenses of his own design in Japan. He was frank enough to admit that the present-day lenses being turned out in Japan were equal to, if not occasionally superior to, lenses made in West Germany. It is needless to stress the pride with which Shibata read the translation of this letter. Together with three other lens manufacturers who had received similar letters, a committee was formed and Professor Schmidt was invited to discuss arrangements in a visit to Japan financed by the four companies.

Professor Schmidt arrived in July and after five geisha parties (one by each company and one by all together; total cost 497,000 yen) and a trip to Atami to recover, he set about explaining his point. He had a large contract from a German camera maker to produce lenses of novel design and revolutionary performance, but it was essential that the price be low. He had been unable to

find a German factory able to produce lenses within his price limits. Could Japan do it? It would mean tremendous prestige for the entire Japanese optical industry and substantial profits from the contract itself. The occasion called for another geisha party (145,000 yen).

With the assistance of Sharpe Traders, it seemed inevitable that Genuflex would receive first chance. Unfortunately, Professor Schmidt's inspection tour of the Genuflex factory was a short one. He soon grew tired of being told where his designs were weak and where Genuflex designs were better. He went to Sharpe Traders, begging for their assistance. He had a wonderful lens. He had given Genuflex blueprints. He had a substantial contract and was prepared to sign a subcontract. Why did Genuflex insist on producing something entirely different? Sharpe Traders assured him they would do what they could to try to persuade Shibata that a blueprint was a blueprint and a contract was cash and that Japanese improvisation was not necessary in this case.

Professor Schmidt left Japan embracing a Japanese doll and a wreath of flowers, but no contract. Three weeks later he asked to have his blueprints returned. The affair was unfortunate, but Shibata was not unduly unhappy. His accountants had estimated it would cost Genuflex three times Professor Schmidt's price to produce the lenses.

Gadgeteering Junket

The visit of Professor Schmidt did leave one impression. Shibata realized that he was slightly out of touch with developments in the outside world, including the camera world. Sharpe Traders arranged to finance a trip abroad for himself and his interpreter (Sumida, class of 1932) but not Mrs. Shibata. The object of the tour was to sound out new markets, visit various German and American factories, and perhaps do a little shopping. Sharpe Traders was skeptical.

There was nothing memorable to record about the tour. The various Sharpe Traders' branch offices managed to steer Shibata along a fairly safe route and he managed for the first three months to live within his budget of $1,000 a month. But in New York he cabled for an additional $2,000 for factory equipment. He indicated something vague about improving factory communications.

Five weeks later, Mr. Shibata arrived back in Japan with a new dictaphone, twenty-one-inch television set, hi-fi equipment, and an electric typewriter. These were immediately installed in his private office and the personnel director set about looking for someone to handle the electric typewriter and dictaphone.

However, changes had taken place in Japan since Shibata's departure. The Korean War was over and the

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U.S. Army was pulling out. Its contract for Genuflex cameras was cut in half. This necessitated the dismissal of a number of workers, the rest of whom immediately went out in a sympathy strike. The strike was a bitter pill for Shibata. Had he not encouraged the workers to form a union? Had he not appointed his uncle as its first chairman? For five years he had looked upon himself as the father of a large, happy family and now they had turned against him in a most unfilial manner.

This was not all. Soon after, Sharpe Traders called a meeting in which it explained the recession in America and renewed German competition. Sharpe said that if exports were to continue, the price of the Genuflex would have to be cut by at least fifteen per cent. The crude, direct way in which this statement was put shocked the Genuflex directors. It was a sad welcome for Shibata and a surprising one.

His bankers, too, were beginning to question loans to small enterprises. Shibata will never forget that first week after his return. He was in the office almost every day and his tea grew cold as he sat answering the telephone. Wearily he picked up his phone again and dialed the Mitsui financial adviser (Sumida, class of 1919). In a way it would be good to be back in a large organization where responsibility could always be pushed on to the man higher up.

Since that memorable day he has had time to give the matter some thought. Obviously something had gone wrong. But what was it? Had it been a mistake to deal through Sharpe Traders, which had so clearly demonstrated its lack of sincerity? Had he been too quick to adopt western democratic labor standards? Japan is a poor country; it cannot really afford such luxuries.

Gradually Shibata has come to realize that the causes of his failure must be placed squarely on the shoulders of those statesmen who have failed to obtain for Japan a say in the formulation of international trade policies. For he now knows that the obvious market for Genuflex was China, from which Japanese cameras had been arbitrarily barred as strategic goods by the western democracies.

The Boy In the Front Row

DORIS PEEL

MY FRIEND KURT is just twenty-five. A graduate of the Free University in west Berlin and the fortunate possessor of a teaching job, he is a native Berliner.

He has no family. From a friend of his I learned that his parents were lost in one of the last air raids, in a building that is still a surrealist mass of wreckage over in the Soviet sector. A young sister, who had what Berliners usually refer to as "an unfortunate experience" with Russian soldiers, now lives in England. I haven't heard him speak of any other relatives.

Unlike many Berliners, Kurt isn't pining to get away. He is prepared to remain where he is, without dramatizing himself as a symbol of courage, freedom, or what not. He joined the Social Democratic Party last year; the late Mayor Ernst Reuter was and still is his hero. Not only the Reuter who implacably opposed Communism, not even the humane and scholarly man, but the independent, flexible, undoctrinaire Socialist. Such a man, Kurt firmly believes, represented the answer for his country.

Though Kurt is an old habitué of the U.S. information program's Amerikahaus, he was slow to realize how drastically at odds his own viewpoint is with both official and general American thinking about Germany—and how instantly suspect. Last January, soon after the Berlin Conference got under way, he was with me at an informal party where, as a "representative young German," he found himself interrogated by several journalists freshly arrived from the United States. It was hard to tell which of them was the more jarred: they, at learning he "wasn't for Adenauer," or he, at finding his position construed as anti-American and even pro-Communist. "But what about Reuter?" he wanted to know —still young enough to use his hero as banner and shield. For a moment or two a slight confusion reigned while one of the journalists, as if straightening him out, lauded Reuter for "symbolizing" to the world "Berlin's heroic stand against the Reds." Kurt, looking shocked, said, "But he wasn't only *against* something!" Later he asked, a little bitterly, "Then is the two-party system only for Americans? Must we Germans all vote the same way to please you?" "You'd better vote the right way, son," said an American.

A FEW DAYS after this experience, Kurt telephoned me to ask if I would go with him to a movie, the Hitler documentary "Till Five Minutes Past Zero." Kurt's voice sounded serious, insistent. "Please come! I will explain afterwards."

So I agreed to meet him at half past eight. There are no continuous performances in Berlin, and this was when the evening show was to start at the neighborhood cinema off the Hohenzollerndamm. But I purposely arrived half an hour early.

It was a glacial night, the sort of weather in which anklebones freeze and clothes turn to tissue paper. All the windows of the cream-colored busses and streetcars were frosted, with little peepholes rubbed in them by a succession of gloved knuckles. I wondered, sitting there alone in the lobby, if any sort of audience would really come.

A Cold Cross-Section

At fifteen past eight the glass doors opened. The first inside were three boys of student age, with the shabby look of nearly all Berlin students. While they stamped their feet and thrashed their arms back and forth, several middle-aged couples arrived, then a man with an empty sleeve tucked into his pocket and a face that was either prematurely aged or had retained overlong a semblance of youth. After that, people arrived steadily. They came in looking taut

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or scarlet with the cold, and with an air of deliberation as if they were attending a memorial service or a lecture. Surely none of them had said to another, with a yawn, "Let's go to the movies." When Kurt turned up, on the dot as always, some two hundred people had

already passed inside. We found our seats in the shadowy little hall. It was about half full—a fairly impressive turnout considering the circumstances.

Finally the curtains were drawn across the open door and the lights dimmed. Kurt whispered, "There is a part at which I shall nudge you. Please notice it particularly. I will explain why after the show."

Catastrophe on Celluloid

"Till Five Minutes Past Zero" is a poor film. Badly organized at the outset, it had been rendered still more helter-skelter by cutting and censoring in West Germany. It hopped about, hurtled exasperatingly, and was accompanied by a commentary that ranged between the obvious and the banal. But something survived. Something blazed, came through. No inadequacy in the presentation could conceal the magnitude of the catastrophe these people had been involved in, the sheer terror of the tale.

From the start the audience sat very still. One could detect only the faintest reaction now and then. At the first appearance of a broad, genial face there was a momentary stir, even a murmured "Goering!" It was as if, almost with amusement, they were saying, "The old buffoon!" In complete silence the Berchtesgaden episodes were watched: the silly antics of Eva Braun; the somehow shocking *ordinaryness* of that whole group—the innocent children, the untroubled women, the men so un-Caesarlike on the sunny terrace, so frighteningly commonplace in their Bavarian hats and holiday knickerbockers.

Hitler himself seemed to evoke no response. It was as if this image of him in fictive life—striding, smirking, shouting, growing grave—was being answered by a deliberate deadness of mind. Again and again a person living among the Germans comes to feel that Hitler is too much for them, too much to figure out. Perhaps for the more sensitive ones he still haunts the air as a symptom or symbol, still waiting to be explained. Not rationalized, not justified, but finally understood.

There was a tightening of attention whenever Goebbels appeared. Here, after all, was something graspable: an evil force, unambiguous, without mysticism. Furthermore, it struck close to home. Right over in the Russian sector was the room where Goebbels used to hold forth. It was used from time to time for a press center—as, for example, during the Berlin Conference.

At the brief shots of the corpses, the gas chambers, and the ovens, there was a sudden evident intake of breath; at each performance, I was told, the same thing happened. And when the German soldiers were shown in the Russian snows, stumbling, haggard, lost-looking as the dead or stiff where they had fallen in the nightmare white, there was a further deepening of the stillness that anybody could feel. For this too touched more than a nerve; this hadn't ended. The son, the husband might still be there.

I had been told beforehand of a certain scene, the trial of those who had attempted to assassinate Hitler in July, 1944. My German friends had said, "In a way it's the worst." I watched a young man, one of the prisoners, trying to speak and being howled down by something called a People's Court. These were the only German heroes in the film, these few who had tried something and failed so wretchedly, and now stood there looking as lost as the prisoners in the snow. An elderly man in front of us suddenly bowed his head; for several minutes he remained so, his hand covering his eyes during the rallies, the *heils,* the shouts of hysterical women on the screen.

Then came the inexorable closing in of the Allied armies. There was one scene toward the end during which the entire audience seemed to wince. It showed young boys in a row, little more than children, in army coats too big for them and Iron Crosses around their necks, and Hitler himself slowly moving along the line, grave, intent, stopping before each and clasping one in his arms as a father might a son. If one hadn't a notion who he was, what would one think of this worn man gazing tenderly at his little troops? What would I be thinking? And the boys themselves—not Germans, not Nazis, just very young boys hardly more than children, gazing solemnly back at him, trying hard to look big enough and brave enough.

Then the quick windup, the total defeat. And now shots that were familiar from our own newsreels: Berlin from the air, when the whole city looked as if it were made of white lace, and those scenes of desperately scavenging Berliners in whom one could recognize, even at that appalling point, the hardihood that is their special mark.

I HAD READ somewhere in a West German report that people left this film without saying a word. I don't quite know what they *could* say. We too left in silence, buttoning coats, winding scarves, matter-of-factly girding ourselves for the bitter night. We walked out onto the Hohenzollerndamm and toward the corner where I live.

Kurt asked, "You noticed when I touched your arm?"

"Oh, Kurt, I'm sorry! When was it?"

"The boys," he said. "The young boys toward the end. I was the one he embraced."

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The Adventures Of a Bus Truster

RAY ALAN

IT IS BETTER, the Chinese say, to travel hopefully than to arrive, and that is what I like about busses. There are no inevitabilities about bus travel in Europe and the Middle East. It is not merely unpredictable but, on the whole, enchantingly so.

On the rare occasions aircraft do anything so interesting as fly off course, one is all too likely to be landed on a glacier clad in beachwear, which is not really very funny. The one-hour bus ride from Le Havre to Deauville, on the other hand, involved me recently in crossing the Seine by raft—which is.

ONE DAY in the summer of 1951, following the disappearance of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, an important western diplomat who was touring Greece spent a couple of days in the remote coastal town where I was on holiday. He arrived in a diplomatic car but, eager to lap up local color, decided to return by bus. Accordingly, on what might well have become a historic dawn, he was wedged aboard the town's throbbing Olympian Flyer beside an Orthodox priest whose presence was already causing the other passengers dismay. As every Near Easterner knows, to see a priest at the outset of a journey is a grim omen, and to travel in the company of one is to court disaster.

It was a very nice bus, too—a magnificent old monster of heroic if slightly rakish aspect. Its windows were still almost all intact and it had not yet had its rear seats removed to make room for building materials and crates of vegetables. It still, for all its age, had the unweathered, newish smell of a bus that has never yet transported goats, a rare thing in rural Greece.

I learned of our visitor's disappearance the following morning. It was clear from the agitation of the man who rang me up about it that this was another Maclean case: M.I.5 operatives would soon be descending on the town in shoals.

Twelve hours later, however, I was informed that the hunt was off. The diplomat was found performing folk dances in a village tavern up in the hills. The bus had developed gearbox trouble while battling through a storm, and not wishing his passengers to be stranded on an exposed mountainside, the driver had coasted it down a side road to his village in hope of fixing the fault there. In the village, however, the gearbox had proved unco-operative and since there was no telephone on hand, it had taken some twenty hours to get outside aid.

Pan and Bacchus

Busses reveal quite a lot about national character. Greek busses are more often than not dusty and down at heel but at the same time, like their human compatriots, magnificently resilient and resourceful. They too, when reality becomes a bore, fly headlong into fantasy and invoke ancient gods.

You will generally be drinking beneath a vine in front of a village café when this happens. A bus draws up in a cloud of dust. The passengers peer out at you and nod pleasantly. You nod back; and it is really only as the bus is pulling away that you notice the prevalence of beards and horns and bright mad eyes, and sense the nearness of Pan—or even the men of Odysseus after Circe had worked on them.

Italian busses are sophisticated, superbly articulate creatures, booming and trumpeting operatically and even contriving to gesticulate. Spanish busses have an appropriately oppressed, overburdened air. French busses gravitate with deterministic inevitability from one café to the next, and the men who have the incredible good fortune to drive them on country routes are forever clamping on the brakes, dashing off into some idyllic *auberge,* and reappearing after a good interval hastily wiping their lips. Cafés and *auberges* are, of course, bus stops in France. It is there that you buy your ticket and fortify yourself for the journey. What could be more natural than that the conscientious driver should wish to check on the smooth working of the system?

Parliamentary Procedure

British busses have curious canine instincts: They stop not at pubs but at lampposts—lampposts chosen, in accordance with the approved Spartan precedents, for the icy isolation of their position. Here, the regulations insist, the intending travelers must form a queue on the side of the lamppost indicated in the relevant local bylaws and adopt fencing stances, holding out their umbrellas at an angle of thirty degrees to the ground and of eighty degrees to the approaching vehicle. Visiting Americans may hire dummy umbrellas for this purpose from the English-Speaking Union.

The proceedings aboard the bus are as formal as the opening of Parliament. There is an endless ringing of bells as the gadgets that issue and punch tickets tinkle and jangle, and the conductor—who sells the tickets—tells the driver to stop (one

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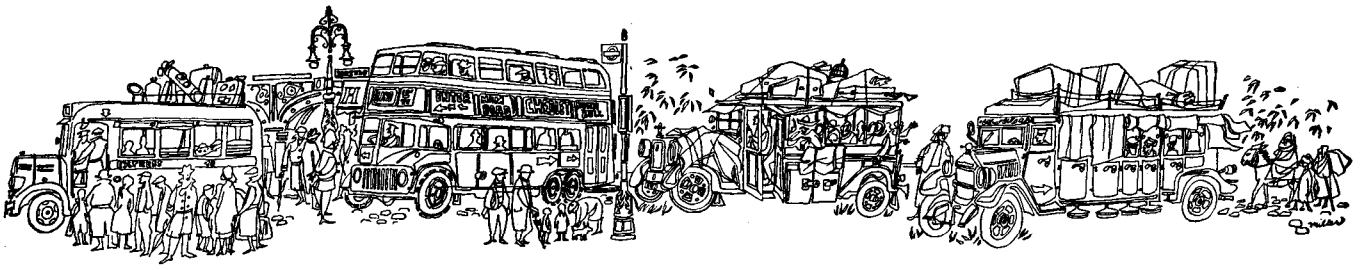

ring), go (two rings), or slow down because he has attracted the attention of a police car by exceeding the speed limit (three rings).

The conductor is the British public employee in comic epitome—polite and deferential, pleasing and thanking you eight to the bar. If he wrote you a letter he would sign it, like the Home Secretary informing a condemned murderer that his appeal has been rejected, "Your obedient servant." The newer Paris busses, not to be outdone, are equipped with a *fonctionnaire* in caricature. He sits in the center of his world at an imposing desk, *se foutant du monde* and letting it be understood that it is the traveler's duty to seek *him* out, not the other way round.

The Middle East

The unhappiest bus I ever saw was a British double-decker in Tel Aviv. How it got there—whether it was a gift of the London County Council or was driven across Europe by a party of British Zionist immigrants—I never discovered; but one could sense its bewilderment at the Hebrew shop signs and multilingual animation, its nostalgia for smog and the smell of boiled cabbage.

Throughout the Near East British-made busses suffer the grievous disadvantage of needing two men to operate them. All really self-respecting Near Eastern busses drive themselves, leaving their nominal driver free to issue tickets and entertain passengers. I discovered this aboard a bus that was hurtling down the chain of hairpin bends that links the villages on the upper slopes of the Lebanon range with the coastal plain five thousand feet below. The driver was engaged most of the way in an energetic political discussion, gesticulating eloquently with both hands. From time to time, when something in the argument annoyed him, he would turn away from us, stare moodily at the road, and toot at a passing donkey, but he would soon be back with a triumphant rejoinder and the altercation would flash anew.

In Cyprus, the monastery of Stavrovouni on an isolated peak two thousand feet high can be visited by car by anyone with a taste for unsurfaced mountain tracks edged with crumbling precipices. The safest and fastest way of doing the trip is by bus with one of the parties of Greek Orthodox pilgrims who go there to see the piece of the True Cross which the monastery possesses and to taste the monks' honey. The driver will usually have a couple of children on his knees, a travel-sick female relative hanging around his neck, and a group of friends and admirers crowding in on him with bundles and offering him slices of watermelon and goat's-milk cheese. Invariably, halfway around the first hairpin, he will discover an old acquaintance at the back of the bus and from then on be embraced and interrogated at length by not only the acquaintance but all the acquaintance's acquaintances. But there is no danger. The bus will get you safely there even if the driver stands on his head. He and the local passengers know this.

In Libya, on the other hand, possibly because it is so far west, there is a disturbing lack of faith in such fundamentals. The country's main bus route, the six-hundred-mile Tripoli-Benghazi road, can only boast about three minor kinks, but travelers insist quite fanatically that their driver keep his eyes on every inch of the way. As the bus moves off, the passengers set about singing and shouting to keep him awake. Some of them feed him at frequent intervals lest he should faint at the wheel. This effort is sustained for about the first eighty miles. Then, exhausted by the din, passengers and driver alike doze off one by one, and the bus is left to manage its affairs in peace.

The only all-American bus I have ever traveled on—a bus driven by an American driver and populated by American passengers—I boarded on the fringes of the Egyptian desert not far from the pyramid at Saqqara. I was staying with friends on the east bank of the Nile almost opposite Saqqara and had got myself ferried across the river, aboard a felucca laden mainly with water buffaloes, with the aim of exploring the site of Memphis and the ruins of some of the earliest pyramids. I hired a donkey—the only form of transport—in a village near Memphis, and its owner came along astride another animal.

Halfway through the afternoon the donkey owner went into conference with a small party of Bedouins that had suddenly appeared and asked me rather pointedly for a sum approximately four times that agreed upon for the hire of my steed. The five or six Bedouins, no doubt eager for their cut, grinned and nodded encouragingly. It looked as if only a miracle could rescue me from what promised to be an undignified argument—and the miracle happened.

A beautiful little bus, like something out of a toy-shop window, came gliding over the top of a rise about twenty yards away and down a track a few feet of where we stood. I put out an arm and the driver stopped.

"Are you going to Cairo?" I asked.

"Sure," said an American voice. "Hop in." So I hopped in and left the dumfounded donkey owner and Bedouins pondering (I suspect) on the iniquities of western imperialism. There were about twelve people aboard the bus, mostly youngish couples, all Americans—aglitter with sunglasses, cameras, and photometers. I sat next to the driver.

"You're English, aren't you?" he asked. I admitted the charge and he shook his head in mock mystification. "Jeeze," he said. "You guys sure pop up in the most unexpected places."

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The Eisenhower I'll Always Remember

BILL MAULDIN

WHEN I joined the staff of the Mediterranean *Stars and Stripes* in Naples in the autumn of 1943, I was delighted to find enlisted men on the paper living better than most staff officers in the rear areas and far better than any colonel of infantry. We journalist noncoms ate off china plates set on white tablecloths, slept in villas, and never had our dreams disturbed by raucous whistles at dawn.

All this luxury we enjoyed was under the indulgent eye of a rear-echelon major general whose job it was to police the city and supervise the unloading of supplies for the front forty miles north. The general's name appeared in *Stars and Stripes* with gratifying regularity, and his clerks held ping-pong tournaments which our reporters covered faithfully. His overzealous MPs arrested haggard infantrymen, back from the front for a rest, by the truckload and threw them in jail for wearing dirty uniforms before they even had time to change, but this the paper did not report.

Some of our reporters, along with several *Yank* magazine enlisted men, illegally sported civilian correspondents' badges, ate in officers' messes, analyzed the battle situation by press-camp handouts, and for laughs occasionally bawled out some hapless second lieutenant who would then respectfully call them Mister. At a time when the war in Italy was cold and bitter, when rifle companies were chewed down to platoon size, whole battalions suffered from trench foot, and many units had to stay in the line for months on end without relief, *Stars and Stripes* ran columns on tourist attractions in Naples, and occasionally gave voice to the lowly soldier by interviewing some convenient Quartermaster Corps dockhand.

The Rebels

I fell in with a bunch of belligerent characters on the staff—among them Jack Foisie, now of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* and Milton Lehman, a postwar free-lance magazine writer—who thought it was kind of silly that a soldier paper in a war zone should have to depend largely on columns by Ernie Pyle, a civilian, for firsthand news of the foxholes. Not that any of us radicals wanted to give up our comforts, mind you—we were the first to congratulate our energetic mess sergeant for scrounging a side of fresh beef or a bucket of ice cream from the Navy at the docks, and I remember I wasn't a bit ashamed of driving a jeep with foam-rubber seats and built-in food locker. We just felt it was a shame to waste so much space on ping-pong tournaments, which could not interest and might even conceivably infuriate some shivering dogface when all he had to brighten his dreary hours was the *Stars and Stripes,* while those in the rear areas had plenty of other things for amusement, including the Red Cross post exchanges and hours that enabled them to go to town at night.

"Hell, all you're gonna do is get that general down on us," said our colleagues of the status quo school, most of whom had themselves arrived on the paper with memories of a harsher life in regular units. "Besides," they pointed out, "the paper is supposed to be a morale factor for *all* the troops. Ping-pong is as big news to one man as a night patrol is to another."

Well, the radicals were stubborn and things slowly changed. Reporters began filing copy from the front; the letters-to-the-editor column occasionally blossomed out with comments about how the only way an infantryman could get a warm combat jacket was to buy one from a filing clerk in Naples; I sneaked in a subversive cartoon from time to time on this and kindred subjects. Pretty soon the roof fell in.

"Looka them M.P.s glarin' at us," a man in our circulation office complained. "They useta be our friends. Last night one of 'em wanted to look at my pass. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Our officers and editors were summoned before the major general to get their heads bitten off. Our privileges were in such imminent danger that we thought of burying the table silver for the duration. Only the infantry were pleased with what we'd been doing.

And then a voice came down from Olympus, which happened to be located in Caserta at the time. General Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters announced to all subordinate commanders that the contents of *Stars and Stripes* were not to be tampered with, and that the editors of each edition (there were several) would henceforth be answerable only to the Supreme Commander himself.

This policy stayed in force throughout the rest of the war, and all Army editors knew that for the first time in military history they would enjoy real freedom of the press, short of downright sedition itself—and the word "sedition" was not open to interpretation by some local martinet. Unfortunately, some editions found it more convenient to play ball with their respective Pooh-Bahs and didn't take advantage of the edict. But we sure did. We put out a pretty sprightly soldier paper, and although we verged on impudence sometimes, we never once embarrassed our benefactor by inciting anybody to open mutiny.

THIS ACT of Eisenhower's endeared him to me so much that not even his recent venture into politics has lessened my regard for him, and sometimes when I feel outraged because he lets fools run wild, I take heart in his consistency, remembering that once long ago he let us fools run wild, too.

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MOVIES:

Three Jungles

ROBERT BINGHAM

If we are indeed entering an age where children will get their literature audio-visually rather than from the old-fashioned printed page, it is at least some consolation to find that Luis Buñuel's technicolor transscription of "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" is a distinct improvement on the original. If there ever was a book that can best be appreciated by those who have not read it, it is surely Defoe's oppressive masterpiece. As in Kafka's *Trial*, another work of genius that won't let you up even after it's convinced you, the situation is a classic but the book itself is a bore. Once you've got the idea, you've got the best part of it. And Mr. Buñuel has certainly got the idea.

Keeping piously faithful to the original, he has edited it down to fighting trim and selected out of all Defoe's maundering moral claptrap a single theme to give the narrative unity. That theme, developed with admirable restraint by Dan O'Herlihy as Crusoe, is that a civilized man cast down alone on a desert island can better defend himself against hunger, cold, wild beasts, and savages than against his own aloneness. When Crusoe glances back with workmanlike satisfaction at a girl's frock salvaged from the wreck that he has rigged up as a scarecrow to keep the birds from his first wheat crop, suddenly a breeze catches the dress and the castaway, stunned, watches it sway for a long moment. That's all—no flashbacks to lovely ladies in London, no cocoa-brown cannibal maidens in sarongs. He just looks at the dress and then goes on about his business. Straightforward, unpretentious, this definitive filming of "Robinson Crusoe" should be frequently revived.

Walt Disney is a man who can't quite bring himself to leave well enough entirely alone even when he's filming a masterpiece that needs no editing and no pointing up of inherent unity. His series of "True Life" nature documentaries has been generally superb, and let it be said right now that his latest, "The Vanishing Prairie," is the best yet. No one without Mr. Disney's resources could have produced and made generally available these remarkable records of how the animals we see in the zoo actually live. But no one without Mr. Disney's peculiar preference for the cute over the beautiful would have cheapened the

films by occasionally cramming nature into a fake Hollywood pattern just to get a laugh from the Donald Duck fans. There is nothing as offensive in the current production as there was in the finale of "Water Birds," where the languorous flight of herons and the stately love dance of grebes were made to serve merely as patched-together background pictures for one of the schmaltzier "Hungarian Rhapsodies." But two brief passages in "The Vanishing Prairie" are hard to forgive: the prairie dogs' barbershop-quartet rendition of "Home on the Range" and the orchestration of the battering concussions of bighorn rams in rutting season with—you've guessed it—"The Anvil Chorus." The use of a kind of Indian war dance to illustrate the mating of prairie chickens seems tolerable, since, as the narration points out, the birds' ritual may have inspired the Indians. But all too often Mr. Disney lets second-rate music get in the way of first-rate pictures.

The stars of "The Vanishing Prairie" are buffaloes, mountain lions, and prairie dogs. The latter have been widely praised, but to at least one viewer the principal justification for giving them so much footage was their docile acceptance of glass walls in their burrows. It must have been much more difficult to photograph the fearful symmetry of the mountain lion, which is surely the most beautiful animal indigenous to this continent. Nothing else in the picture equals the dramatic tension when the huge, silent mother cat stalks and kills a deer, stalks and misses a fawn; nothing is funnier than the solemn stealth of her two kittens when they chase a squirrel up a tree and not only lose the squirrel but finally pratfall out of the tree themselves. Neither scene required music to keep the audience from yawning.

Marlon Brando, whose performance entirely dominates "On the Waterfront," has acquired a considerable reputation for versatility by playing every part he gets exactly the same way. Whether portraying the Mexican revolutionary Zapata or, as currently, a hero of the labor movement, he is always the surly adolescent, wavering uncertainly between brutality and self-doubt. Curiously enough, his reputation as a fine actor is very well deserved. The impact of Stanley Kowalski in Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire" owes nearly as much to the actor who played the part as to the author who wrote it. And the conception of Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar" as a kind of fascist bully-boy was refreshingly provocative if not altogether Shakespearean.

Mr. Brando's range may be lim-

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ited, but it is profoundly distinctive. And distinction is a quality that seems to be entirely lacking in the present crop of younger American movie idols. The stars of twenty years ago had it. Night-club entertainers used to do imitations of Clark Gable, James Stewart, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy. You recognized them immediately. But who can imitate Van Johnson? From Farley Granger to Stewart Granger, the new performers have the standardized prettiness of so many show-window manikins. Perhaps it is for this reason that the graying stars of twenty years ago continue to be the stars of today.

Although there is excellent support—notably from Lee J. Cobb and Karl Malden—without Mr. Brando's pervasive personality "On the Waterfront" could certainly not have been what it now is: the best American picture seen so far this year. The documentary account of how difficult it is for longshoremen to earn a living either honestly or safely in the Port of New York is vivid and informative, as far as it goes. But it surely exaggerates, as shown by the results of recent NLRB elections, the therapeutic powers of one-shot Senate or state fact-finding investigations, and the scary but carefully veiled reference to a "Mr. Upstairs" is scarcely sufficient acknowledgment of the degree to which management has abetted the labor racketeers. Perhaps only Mr. Brando could have carried off the role of a cheerful thug who needs only the love of a good woman and a few words from his parish priest to rise up and send the gangsters cringing for cover without looking just plain silly. But he does carry it off and even manages to send the audience out of the theater convinced that his punishing but largely irrelevant heroism has somehow straightened out the whole rotten mess.

CONVERSATIONS ON MUSIC: The Ulcer Diet

GODDARD LIEBERSON

I DON'T want to appear the homely philosopher removing a toothpick from my mouth in order to murmur, "One man's meat is another man's poison." This is chiefly because I have never seen this homely philosophy demonstrated: It has rather been my observation that one man's poison is indeed another man's poison, or, to put it in other words, equally homely, a bad piece of fish is a bad piece of fish.

It has therefore occurred to me that my own experiences in music might be valuable to some who, as I do, hear a more than ordinary amount of the stuff with resulting indigestion. Don't disregard this danger signal. It may bring on, as it did in my case, a musical ulcer which, I am sad to report, has been my unhappy lot for some years now, necessitating a rather strict diet, relaxed only in moments of regrettable self-*indulgence.*

Diagnosis

One of the first symptoms to watch for in diagnosing a musical ulcer is a heaviness in the feet when they are directed toward the concert hall, and no satisfaction may be taken from the knowledge that four out of five people experience this discomfort. (This symptom may be considered the classic sign of the disease under discussion.) The next indication to be on the lookout for is a lightheadedness when listening to fortissimo passages. This is a direct warning of worse to come and you must at once go on a strict diet. This means, of course, NO WAGNER! And I don't mean that you may have an occasional overture, either. No Wagner. As simple as that.

You may have some Tchaikovsky, but in very limited quantities. None of his symphonies all the way through, and absolutely no slow movements. The "Nutcracker Suite" is entirely out, as is the "Romeo and Juliet Fantasia." Go easy on the well-known symphonies of Beethoven and try to hear only the larger works of Brahms (the Requiem or "Schicksalslied"). Avoid the "Hungarian Dances"—they may have a purgative effect.

In the early painful stages you may hear all of the Vivaldi, Satie, Rameau, or Virgil Thomson that you like, but don't overdo Bach, particularly in the orchestral arrangements of the organ works. Some of the latter are very indigestible, particularly the "Passacaglia in C Minor," which may cause dizziness.

Smoke a great deal; this takes your attention away from the music. When this is impossible, as while attending concerts, read the program notes assiduously. Although they are seldom interesting enough to take

your mind completely off the music, they will help, particularly if you reread one sentence several times until it seems to make sense. If you are unable to carry through on the program-notes therapy, then look about you or whisper to a neighbor. Be observant. Noticing that your wife's slip shows and telling her about it may occupy both of you for a good ten or fifteen minutes. Such lapses at the concert are invaluable checks on musical indigestion.

Treatment

All song recitals must be carefully measured and considered, and for the first six months of the diet it would be well to avoid *Lieder.* Here

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the double thickness of the German language combined with the music is extremely dangerous. Of course these are entirely out if you happen to understand German, for if you know the meaning of the words, the songs are almost indigestible.

Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," the Paganini "Violin Concerto" (indeed, almost all violin concertos), and similar works are roughage and should for the most part be avoided, as must be the well-known short piano pieces of Chopin. I once saw a severe case of hiccoughs result from a single hearing of the famous "Raindrop Prelude."

Strangely enough, coloratura singing is not too harmful in small portions, since it sometimes gives the effect of a vibrator. Similarly, string quartets may be as soothing as a warm bath. However, absolutely no music on solo string instruments. The Bach Suites for violin alone are the worst kind of irritants and may cause spastic contractions. They can be heard only in the last stages of your return to normal.

You may find that music played softly on the organ has an anodynic effect, but in some cases it produces ululations or dog howls. Therefore it is risky at best. So is amateur advice on your diet. For instance, there are those who will recommend a straight Scarlatti diet, and though in many cases this has proved helpful, the too freqent hearing of a harpsichord may prove to be too much of a stimulus. As a steady basic diet, I suggest the symphonies of Mozart. They have only one drawback, a tendency to become habit-forming. However, if you are willing to run that risk, you will find them extremely beneficial, particularly if you indulged too heavily in music of the late nineteenth century.

And remember—plenty of sleep. At the concert hall or in front of your radio, sleep will prove the quickest healer and best of analgesics. For this reason opera is excellent, particularly in the opera house, where the lights are lowered. Sleep comfortably and disregard your neighbors. If they are unpleasant about your sleeping, it may be that they themselves suffer from a musical ulcer and are therefore exceptionally touchy.

CHANNELS:

Soft Soap

MARYA MANNES

In exploring the reasons, always baffling to this reviewer, why anyone should look at television in the daytime, I have discovered one more besides infirmity, loneliness, and apathy—the coma of summer heat.

This, combined with a rather smug sense of reportorial duty, has put me through the ordeal of looking for several hours a day at what approximately six million women see between the hours of noon to four: serial dramas—those infinite extensions of plot in which the sum of acts is inaction. You can miss a month of "Search for Tomorrow" and come in again just where you left off. Everything has occurred; nothing has happened.

It would be easy to dismiss these serial confections as beneath the notice of intelligent people. Yet anything that penetrates—more accurately, saturates—four million or more homes every day has importance, all the more so if this "thing" is a bundle of inane contrivances, false motivations, and emotional rampages.

It would be profitless to describe any one of them in detail. Typical of the worst is "Portia Faces Life," in which a woman lawyer supposedly of superior intellect and character lives in a welter of disaster in the company of a monumentally stupid man ("the best newspaper man in the business") and subhuman friends. Two or three (I am thinking particularly of "The Guiding Light" and "Concerning Miss Marlowe") are at least sensible in dialogue, and attempt, with the help of excellent actors, to present characters who bear some resemblance to human beings. None of them, however, can afford any resemblance to the world we live in, since any reference to the price of coffee or the death of the European Defense Community would be termed controversial and therefore offensive to some national group. The people in soap opera stew perpetually and exclusively in the broth of their relationships.

Two conclusions, however, can be drawn from these time wasters and soap sellers. The first is that the common condition of Americans seems to be hysteria, a state in which mind is no mentor of emotion. If this were not so, the legions who look at soap opera would not identify themselves so intimately with the lives of those in them, an identification daily attested by the thousands of letters received by the networks and the writers. Among these listeners, only a handful question the reality of what they see: women reduced to tears and terror by situations that a quiet word could resolve; men and women deceived and victimized by people so transparently evil as to be grotesque; grown men reacting violently and helplessly to situations that adults should take in their stride. The process of reasoning is wholly absent in these daytime serials, where it is as unpopular and unexercised as it seems to be in the forming of public opinion.

The second conclusion to be drawn from watching these serials is that women with interests outside the home are marked for doom. Although the woman who starts a dress shop or acts or writes may be presented glamorously and sympathetically at first, it becomes progressively more evident that she can find no true happiness in life. Certainly she is never shown happy in her work; that would never do. For who is looking at this "career" woman? Women who have no interests outside the home, the inviolable heroines who will buy the soap.

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(The fact that they look at serials would seem to show that they have no interests inside the home either.) This is strange in a country where sixteen million women are wage earners and woman's freedom is supposed to be the fullest in the world.

THESE DAYTIME vigils of mine at the bier of reason did, however, produce one completely happy moment: when the commercial for Swansdown Cake Mix occupied the screen. Here is an animation in the UPA technique of a little boy interupted in his piano practicing by his grandmother's request to go out and buy a box of cake mix. How he does it is sheer delight, and I only wish I could express my admiration concretely by eating cake.

A more seriously happy time was spent on a Sunday noon, when WNBT showed Charity Bailey on a music program called "Sing a Song." This is by far the most enchanting and constructive half hour for children on TV, and fortunately it is soon due to go on a network basis.

Miss Bailey is a Negress of great distinction and warmth who used to be music director of the Little Red School House and who has the Pied Piper ability to enthrall children in song—folk songs, dance songs, ballads, spirituals, anything of grace or rhythm or melody or humor, or all four. She sings them to the dozen children in the studio—about four to twelve years old, black, white, shy, cocky, talented, slow—as she plays the piano or strums the guitar or the Autoharp. Soon they sing with her, sometimes they dance, sometimes they accent their songs with drums and cymbals too. It is done with no showmanship, no self-consciousness, no cuteness. Here at last is the true face of youth in the enchantment of music. Here also, most touchingly, is the face of democracy.

American Writers And Where They Come From

MALCOLM COWLEY

THE REPUBLIC of letters is in some ways desperately snobbish, but nobody is excluded from it because of his origin; in that respect it is a democracy. In these middle years of the twentieth century, American writers may come from any economic level and any section of the country, if they weren't born abroad. They may come from any college or university or none, and from almost any of the racial stocks and cultural groups that compose this nation of peoples. They are, however, more likely to come from certain backgrounds.

The Racial Background

As sociologists would say, the incidence of authorship is higher in some groups than in others. It is very high among the children of professional families, of many racial origins, living in the Northeastern states, especially if the children were educated in Eastern preparatory schools and at any of the Ivy League colleges. The lowest rate for the native-born is among Indians and Spanish Americans living in the mountain states; it is almost no rate at all. On the other hand, there is a high incidence of authorship among Mormons born in the same region.

I don't know that sociologists have ever studied what they would call the racial provenience of American writers, although it would make an interesting subject for a doctoral dissertation. Our nineteenth-century authors were mostly of English stock, with an admixture of Dutch blood in New York; Melville and Whitman were both half Dutch. Elsewhere there were some Pennsylvania Germans, French Huguenots, and Scotch-Irish—though not many of these—with a thin sprinkling of O'Briens and O'Reillys. Bret Harte was our first famous author of mixed Jewish descent; he was the grandson of Bernard Hart—without the "e"—a prominent Jewish merchant of New York.

After 1890 the newer racial stocks began to come forward one at a time as if to mark, in each case, the integration of a new group into American culture. First the still foreign-sounding names would appear as those of boxers, then as those of politicians in the working-class wards down by the river; then came the businessmen, the college football players—in the second generation—and finally one of the names would be signed to a best-selling novel.

There was a different pattern in literary works. First we would read about members of the new group as apparently stupid but really shrewd and lovable persons who made funny remarks in broken English (like Wallace Irwin's Hashimura Togo, the Japanese schoolboy). Others of the group would then be presented in angry books, as tragic or pathetic spokesmen for their people. Still later the children would be portrayed in fiction simply as human beings to be valued for themselves.

THE LITERARY pattern is clearest in the Irish, because of their group consciousness and their long experience as an oppressed minority. The first Irish-American author who won and deserved to win a national reputation was Finley Peter Dunne, in the 1890's. His Mr. Dooley was a comical saloonkeeper who discussed politics with a mixture of innocence and wisdom and whose eyes filled with tears—though we don't read the sadder monologues today—when he discussed the sorrows of Irish immigrants.

F. Scott Fitzgerald was the next really famous Irish-American author. Like Dunne he had been accepted into the dominant Protestant group, and unlike Dunne he wrote about that group, so that his Irishness was a little disguised, but it remained an undertone in all his stories; it gave him a sense of standing apart that sharpened his observation of social

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differences. He liked to give his heroes Irish names or, at the very least, an Irish lilt to their voices.

Early in the 1930's James T. Farrell started writing about the Irish on the South Side of Chicago, not far from the site of Mr. Dooley's saloon but a long way from his vanished world. There isn't any quaintness and self-deprecating humor in Farrell's novels, or any attempt to please the dominant group. Most of his characters are pathetic creatures oppressed by their environment. His underlying mood is indignation at their being denied a chance for a better life.

In the 1950's there are distinguished Irish writers in all branches of American literature, including criticism of abstract art (James Johnson Sweeney) and the translation of Greek tragedies (Robert Fitzgerald). *The Trouble of One House,* by Brendan Gill, is good enough in itself to stand for much of the newer Irish-American fiction. Gill tells the story of a cultivated and prosperous family that happens to be Catholic and of Irish descent, but whose troubles are those of human beings everywhere in modern life. Although his novel is more skillfully written than anything by Farrell or almost anything by Fitzgerald, it lacks the emotional power of those earlier books conceived at a time when the American Irish were still in some ways an oppressed group. That loss of power belongs to the pattern too, for the sorrows of a novelist—including his racial sorrows—are part of his emotional stock in trade.

THE IRISH were followed by dozens of other racial and cultural groups. After 1900 there appeared in succession—though not quite in this order—the South German Catholics (Theodore Dreiser), the North German Protestants (H. L. Mencken, Ruth Suckow), the prosperous and cultivated German Jews (Gertrude Stein, Paul Rosenfeld), and the Scandinavians (among them O. E. Rölvaag, who lived in Minnesota, wrote in Norwegian, and translated his own novels into English). Soon there were also scores of writers among the newly arrived Polish and Russian Jews, perhaps beginning with Mary Antin and Abraham Cahan.

Negro writers had been published for many years, but after 1930 they spoke with more authority and appeared in greater numbers. Today Richard Wright is the most distinguished and Frank Yerby the most cynical and successful; he started by publishing romantic novels, like *The Foxes of Harrow,* about white Southern planters. With the enthusiastic help of Hollywood, he has been the first person with Negro blood in America—and the first such person anywhere since the elder Dumas—to earn a million dollars by writing.

The Armenians appeared in 1934 with William Saroyan, and the Italians in 1939 with Pietro Di Donato's *Christ in Concrete.* By 1950 there were professional writers who represented many newer and sometimes localized groups. Some of these are Greeks (A. I. Bezzerides and Kimon Friar), Croatians (with the late Louis Adamic), Sicilians (Jerre Mangione), Dutch in Michigan (David

Cornel DeJong), Icelanders of the Dakotas (Holger Cahill), Frisian Islanders (Feike Feikema), Nisei (S. I. Hayakawa), and Koreans (Younghill Kang).

A few of the larger racial groups are still underrepresented in American literature; they include the Poles (Marya Zaturenska), the French Canadians (John Kerouac), and the Hungarians (represented chiefly by refugees). These groups are still at the stage of producing businessmen and football heroes. Others, like the Mexicans and the Puerto Ricans, are such recent arrivals and are so handicapped educationally that they have no writers to speak for them in English; their admired representatives are still boxers or baseball players. But their time will come. Every group has something of its own to contribute, a special experience or sense of life, and all of them will some day do their parts to enrich American writing.

The Economic Background

Economically the provenience of American writers—or one might better say their background and class loyalty—has changed more than once during the last sixty years. In the 1890's writing was regarded as a leisure-class occupation. Few of the writers themselves had leisure-class incomes; more of them than today were starving in garrets or cold-water flats, but they wrote for a privileged audience and their fictional heroes regarded themselves as gentlemen born. Successful writers were entertained by Andrew Carnegie and might even be supported by William C. Whitney, who gave more than a million dollars, in the course of years, to his friend Finley Peter Dunne. It was a time when Lorenzo de' Medici was a pattern for millionaires. Their generosity encouraged writers to accept the leisure-class standards, and the standards were also enforced by the truly great magazines of the 1890's: *Harper's,* the *Century,* and *Scribner's.*

After about 1910 millionaires gave less support to literature, but a broader well-educated middle-class public was being formed that was willing to buy serious novels. Writing came to be regarded as one of the middle-class professions, open to young men and women who were highly trained for the work. Writers talked less about being gentlemen or ladies and took to presenting middle-class heroes, as Dreiser had done, but they tried not to follow a middle-class pattern in their own lives. Even if they earned comfortable incomes, as many of them did after 1920, they spent the incomes for travel and services and entertainment rather than houses or cars, and lived like the Scott Fitzgeralds—that is, in the style of prosperous gypsies.

AFTER 1930 there was still another change in literary loyalties. Instead of being leisure-class or Bohemian, the younger writers of the time began to picture themselves as genuine proletarians.

More writers than before had come from working-class families. For others the role of oppressed worker was easy to assume, since they were living on very small

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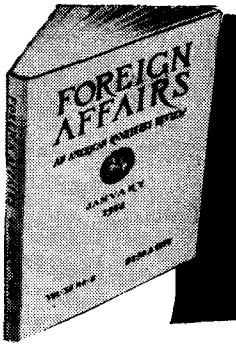
stipends from the Federal Writers Project, but their behavior was not without an element of inverted snobbery. Young men from good Eastern universities disguised themselves in dirty cotton-flannel shirts while they tried to write proletarian novels like those admired in Russia. Most of the novels were merely fashionable, based on secondhand feeling, but some of them revealed a serious effort to broaden the horizons of American fiction. We began to read stories about coal miners, turret-lathe operators, filling-station attendants, production-line workers, oil drillers, lumber-mill hands in the Northwest, Southern sharecroppers, and fruit pickers in California—employed, unemployed, or on strike.

Since the Second World War, most novelists have stopped acting like Bohemians or proletarians, and it has been getting hard to tell a writer from anybody else. Many of the younger writers now live on residential streets, own their homes—or are trying to buy them—and are active members of the Parent-Teacher Association. Unlike most writers of the 1920's, they worry about public opinion outside their own group and are letting themselves be absorbed into the new white-collar classes. In some respects, however, there has been a curious reversion to the leisure-class standards of the 1890's.

The institution of literary patronage has been revived and extended, although it no longer involves many personal contacts between writers and millionaires; now the money is given to foundations, which disburse it in the form of fellowships. The genteel tradition of the 1890's has also been revived in fiction; many of the new novels have an air of decorum that would have pleased William Dean Howells in his later years.

The Sectional Background

The sectional background of American writers becomes an interesting topic, not when we ask where they were born—the answer being almost anywhere—but when we ask to what sections they have felt an emotional loyalty. For half a century after 1830 the section was likely to be New England. It was so much the center of the literary life that several authors born west of the Alleghenies



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became New Englanders by adoption, like William Dean Howells of Ohio and George Washington Cable of Louisiana. Even Mark Twain, who wasn't proper enough for the Bostonians, spent much of his life in Connecticut.

At the end of the 1880's the center shifted to New York City, which was a section in itself and exercised a magnetic force, stronger than that of New England had been, on authors born in other sections. The most fashionable New York writers of the years around 1900 were Richard Harding Davis of Philadelphia and the playwright Clyde Fitch, who had grown up in Schenectady. The most loyal New Yorker was O. Henry, born in North Carolina and trained as a newspaperman in Texas. Except for Henry James and Edith Wharton, who lived in Europe, hardly any of the prominent authors had been born in New York, but nevertheless it was the seat and shire of the writing clan.

During the depression years one first began to notice a geographical diffusion. Young writers were still coming to New York, but there were not so many as before, because the city had ceased to glitter with opportunities. The glitter was in Hollywood, if the young men wanted to earn a great deal of money. If they simply wanted to keep alive while writing, they tried to join the Federal Writers Project, and it was always easier to be certified to it if they stayed at home in Missouri or Idaho than if they moved to New York.

There has been no Writers Project since before Pearl Harbor, but the magnetic attraction of the big city seems to have weakened further. Today young writers are studying or teaching in universities all over the country. Many established writers have moved to Connecticut, just beyond the New York suburbs, but others have continued to live in California or Mississippi; perhaps they feel that air mail and the long-distance telephone bring them close enough to the publishing industry, which is now almost confined to New York.

In some branches of serious writing, especially fiction, the prestige of leadership has passed to the South. I have often wondered about the reasons for this dominant position of Southern novelists at mid-century. Like everything else in literature, it can partly be explained in terms of personality; one novelist—in this case William Faulkner—had found a path that many could follow.

But Faulkner has several distinguished and quite independent contemporaries, including Katherine Anne Porter, Caroline Gordon, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, and Hamilton Basso in what is now the older group of novelists, as well as poets-and-critics—the term should be hyphenated—like John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate. Faulkner

has also had many able successors, like Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, and William Styron. In fact, there are so many of these that the new position of Southern writing seems to call for additional explanations in social terms.

One explanation among many is that Southerners belong to what is really a national minority, like the Catalonians, the Ukrainians, and the Welsh. The minority has its own traditions, which its writers feel to be endangered and which they are bent on reaffirming in literature. Another explanation is that the rural South hasn't many commercial amusements, with the result that its people have been forced to amuse one another, largely by telling stories about local characters. Thus Southerners have a good deal of practice in storytelling before they begin to write.

Still another explanation applies to Southern fiction, though not to criticism or poetry. It depends on the definition of novels as *long stories that deal with changing relationships*. These relationships are easiest to study when they exist among members of the same family. Here the task of Southern writers is simplified, for the family is more important in the South than anywhere else in modern America—except among some cultural minorities, notably the Jews and the Italians, who have also been producing many young novelists.

The South alone has preserved what sociologists call the extended family, or clan—that is, a group which includes aunts, uncles, and even distant cousins, as well as parents and children. The Southern family, at least in the smaller towns, is also likely to include persons of many different callings and levels of income; often there are rich and poor farmers, storekeepers, filling-station attendants, a doctor, a banker, and even a novelist in the same family group. From earliest childhood the Southern novelist has been acquainted with a great diversity of characters and he finds it easy to present them in action. Northerners travel more, but know fewer persons intimately. Most of their friends are likely to be on their own economic level and even in their own profession, with the result that their novels may be lacking in variety and color.

The South, of course, is not the only section with interesting writers. Today they are appearing from every section, and often their work bears a sectional imprint. Publishers' readers learn what to expect; sometimes they look at the return address on a manuscript and say, "It comes from Maine. I'll give you odds that it's a historical novel about the great days of the shipbuilders." Novels from the Pacific Northwest and from Utah are also likely to be historical; in the first case they might deal with covered wagons, in the second with Mormon pioneers and their plural wives. Novels from New Mexico are inclined to be mystical about the Indians. Novels from Chicago are usually naturalistic; Chicago is the homeland of American naturalism. Every region, like every economic level of the population and almost every racial strain, has added something to the diversity of American fiction. As readers we can be grateful that American writers come from almost everywhere.

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The Giants of India And Their Gossiping Relatives

CHRISTINE WESTON

JUST HALF A WORLD AWAY: MY SEARCH FOR A NEW INDIA, by Jean Lyon. *Thomas Y. Crowell. $5.*

PRISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE, by Narayantara Saghal. *Knopf. $3.95.*

IN MISS LYON'S SEARCH for the new India, she traveled from Kashmir in the north to Cape Comorin in the far south, from the eastern province of Bihar to Jodhpur in the west. The greater part of this journey was made afoot, by bicycle and bullock cart, and by the unreliable yet always fascinating Indian railway system. All these are far from luxurious or even comfortable modes of travel, but they brought the writer into close contact not only with India's illustrious personalities but with the humble and the poor.

Miss Lyon writes simply, sincerely, and without sentimentality about people and situations of which altogether too many Americans remain deplorably ignorant or indifferent. Her analysis does not always extend as far as it might. For instance, it would be interesting to get her opinion on the Kashmir problem and the events that led to the dramatic arrest, last year, of Sheikh Abdullah, its Premier. A somewhat less perfunctory sketch of the personalities of Nehru and his colleagues also would be appreciated. Nevertheless, her sense of humor and compassion give warmth and vigor to her story, and her sensitive insight illumines many dark corners of that restless, complex scene.

Miss Lyon's book deserves a wide audience, but it is probably too good for that: The writer is too unassuming; she doesn't wear a sari; she is not a relative of Mr. Nehru; and what is even more important, she hasn't been in jail.

NARAYANTARA SAGHAL has all these advantages, which should go far to promote the sale of *Prison and Chocolate Cake,* another book about India. Mrs. Saghal is a daughter of Nehru's sister, Mme. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who herself is the author of a brief autobiographical account entitled *My Prison Days.*

Since the publication of Mr. Nehru's autobiography in 1936, the Nehru clan has traveled far along the royalty road to fame. In addition to his first fine book, Mr. Nehru has given us two major works, *Glimpses of World History* and *The Discovery of India,* not to mention a large number of speeches and public addresses now published in book form. His example seems to have inspired his relatives. Besides Mme. Pandit's contribution, another sister, Mrs. Hutheesing, published a slender monograph on life in the family mansion at Allahabad and the inevitable promotion to jail. Her husband (he has been in jail too) has

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written of his experiences as a traveler in Communist China, and they have all written copiously about each other.

Mrs. Saghal's book is the latest but I am sure not the last in the series, for there are still two of her sisters to be heard from, as well as a phalanx of relatives, distant and near. The saga will probably peter out with the Nehru grandchildren, since the British are no longer there to send them to jail, and there doesn't seem to be much else left for them to write about.

The Saghal book is illustrated with photographs of the eminently photogenic Nehru family. Harrowing accounts of their political sufferings are suitably interspersed with much girlish laughter, and filial encomiums are scattered impartially over everybody, beginning with Mummie (Madame Pandit) and progressing in the order named to Mamu (Mr. Nehru), Mami (Mr. Nehru's wife), Bapu (Gandhi), Papu (author's father), and Masi (author's aunt). There is even a description of their diet during this early formative period: "Hot kebabs of finely ground meat blended with crushed ginger, cardamoms, cloves . . . Flaky samosas . . . steaming, fragrant, saffron-flavored rice flecked with peeled almonds; meat, succulent and tender on the bone, cooked in rich gravy, dripping with spices . . ."

Of course this was not prison fare, but at least one member of the household, the servant Hari, didn't do so badly. Released from jail after serving a year's sentence, Hari returns to the home of his masters: "A tonga drove into the portico and an unrecognizable rolypoly form bounced out of it. During his enforced idleness Hari had gained twenty-eight pounds . . . Prison, an experience of suffering for most jailgoers, had proved a happy holiday for him."

While millions of their compatriots were living on the verge of starvation and others were quietly enduring the sufferings of most prisoners, the author and her sisters were sweating it out in the United States giving "parties where there was standing room only."

Summing up, it would seem that stone walls do not always a prison make, nor chocolate bars a book.

Dangerous Myths In American Diplomacy

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN POLICY, by Charles Burton Marshall. *Holt. $3.*

FOR A QUARTER of a century, from 1916 to 1941, the major problem of American foreign policy was to instruct the American people about the nature of their responsibilities as citizens of a world power and persuade them to fulfill these responsibilities. In the end it was circumstances rather than logic that achieved this; Americans were not so much reasoned out of isolation and neutrality legislation as they were blasted out.

Now the pendulum has swung far to the other direction, and the most difficult problem seems to be to persuade Americans that there are limits to power, even to American power. It is to this problem of the limits of power that Charles Marshall, formerly a member of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, addresses himself.

It is little wonder that Americans are confused about the nature of their responsibilities and their power. All other great nations have been similarly confused, and few have resolved the confusion. Americans are called upon to learn in a single generation what no other people except the British ever learned, and what it took the British a century to learn. Without adequate preparation and contrary to their deepest instincts, they have been required to exercise power all over the world.

Isolationists' Change

It is not wholly our fault that we are tempted to undertake more than we can fulfill. Because we are so powerful, the whole free world looks to us. Because we are so rich, the whole of the disorganized or backward world looks to us. Because we are undefeated, undismayed, young, hopeful, and energetic, those who are discouraged and demoralized and defeated look to us. We are called upon insistently to supply armaments, consumers' goods, technological aid, leadership, and hope. It is not unnatural that we should reach Whitman's conclusion: "With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee,/ With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents."

But there is a deceptive simplicity about this. In the modern world we sink or swim with the antecedent nations as they sink or swim with us. "Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee," continued Whitman, "And royal feudal Europe sails with thee." But Asia is no longer venerable or priestly nor Europe royal or feudal, and we must adjust our thinking and our conduct to the changed world of the twentieth century. We must deal with the world as we find it, not as we imagined it in the nineteenth century or as we reimagine it in the twentieth.

By one of the not inexplicable paradoxes of our time, it is the former isolationists who are most aggressive about the application of American power and most certain of the benevolent consequences of the exercise of that power. Those who opposed intervention in the affairs of Europe in the 1930's—when intervention might have been effective—demand now that we intervene in the affairs of Asia. They did not argue that we "lost" Spain or Austria or Czechoslovakia or Poland, Holland, Norway, Denmark, and France, but they assert now that we "lost" China, and they would have us adopt policies designed to "win" China. They gravely underestimated American influence and power twenty years ago; they overestimate it now. But in one thing they are consistent—their preference for the material over the spiritual solution. When they speak of American power they think in terms of tanks, planes, and bombs, not in terms of ideas.

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What explains the swing from timidity to zeal, from an unworthy sense of weakness to an unworthy vaunting of strength? It is rooted in the American past: We have always been successful, we have always had our way and won our wars, we have always managed to find solutions, and usually material solutions, to our most vexatious problems. We have a weakness for the simple solution—in education, in social relationships, in politics, and in international relations, and we are impatient for results. It is this combination of influences that leads some of our leaders to think in slogans rather than in terms of reality.

The Making of Myths

One of the gravest dangers of "reimagining the past," Mr. Marshall emphasizes, is that we become the victims of our own imagination, confusing dream and reality. This attitude manifests itself in various ways: in a naïve belief that we can somehow recapture the past, in a tendency to blame prodigious events upon little causes, in the construction of myths about the past. Thus there are those who believe that we can will ourselves back into the security of the nineteenth century, or that we can will China to appreciate all that we did for it in the past. Thus there are those who find almost everything they dislike the result of a conspiracy: It was Owen Lattimore who "lost" China, or perhaps the Institute of Pacific Relations; it was Alger Hiss who wrote the objectionable provisions into the charter of the United Nations; it was a group of subversives in the State Department who surrendered Poland at Yalta. We saw something of the folly of this mythmaking in the 1930's when we succumbed to the myth that Wall Street bankers and munitions manufacturers seduced us into the First World War, and that we could avoid such seductions in the future by "taking the profit out of war." Now we are engaged in creating a myth about unconditional surrender and another myth about Yalta—myths that play neatly into the hands of the more intransigent Germans. What is needed here is a better acquaintance with history, humility, and common sense.

BOOK NOTES

REBEL ROSE, by Ishbel Ross. *Harper. $4.*

ALLAN PINKERTON, founder of the internationally known detective service, rounded up hordes of Confederate spies during the Civil War, only to see them secure their freedom by merely giving lip service to an oath of allegiance. Loyalty oaths were as ineffective then as they are now at catching real subversives.

But the comely Rose O'Neal Greenhow, subject of this diverting biography, defiantly refused to take the oath. Charged with providing information that made possible a Southern victory in the first battle at Manassas (Bull Run), Mrs. Greenhow was placed under house arrest for a time and later held in the Old Capitol Prison. But despite all precautions, she continued to get information through to the rebels. The author fails to explain how she did it. Possibly because it could not cope with a lady who had so many intimate and important friends in Washington, the Union released Mrs. Greenhow behind the Southern lines. Mrs. Greenhow then traveled to England and France to get aid for the Confederacy. She was drowned while attempting to run the blockade on the return trip.

•

AMERICAN WAYS OF LIFE, by George R. Stewart. *Doubleday. $3.95.*

MR. STEWART presents yet another catchall book, more successful than his *U.S. 40* because it is based on a theme rather than on a ribbon of concrete. Whether his subject be the history in America of Language, Religion, Food, Drink, Clothing, Shelter, Sex, Personal Names, Play, Holidays, or Arts, he demonstrates convincingly that the heritage of the earlier population from northwestern Europe, particularly the English, far outweighs that of other racial strains and has had far more influence than environment. He considers the "symbol of the melting pot . . . a startlingly bad one. . . . A better figure of speech would be to speak of the 'transmuting pot.' . . . As the foreign elements, a little at a time, were added to the pot, they were not merely melted but were largely transmuted, and so did not affect the original metal as strikingly as might be expected."

The author's own transmuting saves his book from being a potboiler. Inevitably there is much familiar material, but new ground is broken even in Mencken's and Kinsey's fields. Of the six maps and charts, "Dialect Map," "The Rise of the Middle Name," and "Men's Names—1780-1850" are the product or original research. The same is true of much of the text, whose erudition never becomes obtrusive. In the "Personal Names" chapter, unhappily, there is one slip that reference to a dollar almanac would have set right: Representative C. W. Bishop (R., Illinois) records himself as "Runt," not "Rump." Also it's a pity that Mr. Stewart failed to mine last year's fourth-grade rolls of the Yonkers public schools, which would have yielded the nomenclatural nugget Phillistine.

•

ATOMS IN THE FAMILY, by Laura Fermi. *University of Chicago Press. $4.*

A BOOK in which atomic scientists appear as human beings is long overdue, for these masters of our nuclear destiny have been fixed in

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the public mind as geniuses removed from reality, mechanisms without conscience, and above all as risks. But here is a warm, witty, astute woman writing about her husband, Enrico Fermi, who may be one of the world's great physicists but who never polishes the backs of his shoes, has a passion for games, and is such an individualist that he will not follow a guide on a mountain climb.

The fascination of the book lies in just this close texture of tremendous ideas and small happenings, of great men with intimate moments. Urey, Oppenheimer, Teller, Compton, Segre, Szilard, all the midwives of nuclear power, walk in and out of the pages like the friends they were. Even two who betrayed their friends pass close by—Fuchs and Pontecorvo, briefly illuminated.

One of the most interesting chapters concerns the Americanization of the Fermis. Certain aspects of it were ludicrous. Thus Fermi, the Nobel Prize winner shuttling back and forth from New Jersey to Washington to Chicago on top-secret work for the U.S. government, had to apply for an ordinary enemy alien's permit each time he "made a trip outside of his own community." Still, this Italian family was treated with consistent warmth and understanding although a state of war existed between their country and ours. Mrs. Fermi remarks on how different was the behavior of Italians in the First World War toward enemy aliens, and how this memory impelled them in 1941 to bury a "treasure" in their cellar against the dread moment when their assets should be frozen. "It proved," she added, "unnecessary."

Her book, however, may prove more necessary than she knows in placing science and scientists in the right perspective, and incidentally in evoking our admiration instead of the suspicion in which the present climate has shrouded them.

•

LAST SPRING Representative B. Carroll Reece (R., Tennessee), chairman of the House Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, ordered his research staff to report on the policies of the great foundations. The staff's reckless charges, and testimony along similar lines by witnesses, were aired for fourteen days in public sessions of the Committee. After only one and a half days of rebuttal testimony, scarcely enough time for the foundations to clear their throats, Chairman Reece called off the hearings and told the foundations they could present written statements for the record.

During the summer the foundations and educational groups have been answering the Reece Committee charges. Their counterattacks constitute an eloquent exposition of the valuable and patriotic work they have been doing.

Those who are interested in reading the complete rebuttal statements may write for free copies to the foundations listed below:

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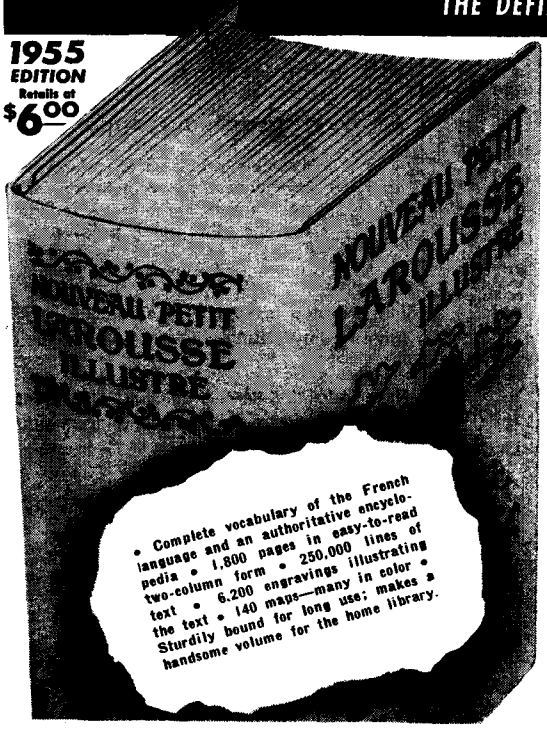
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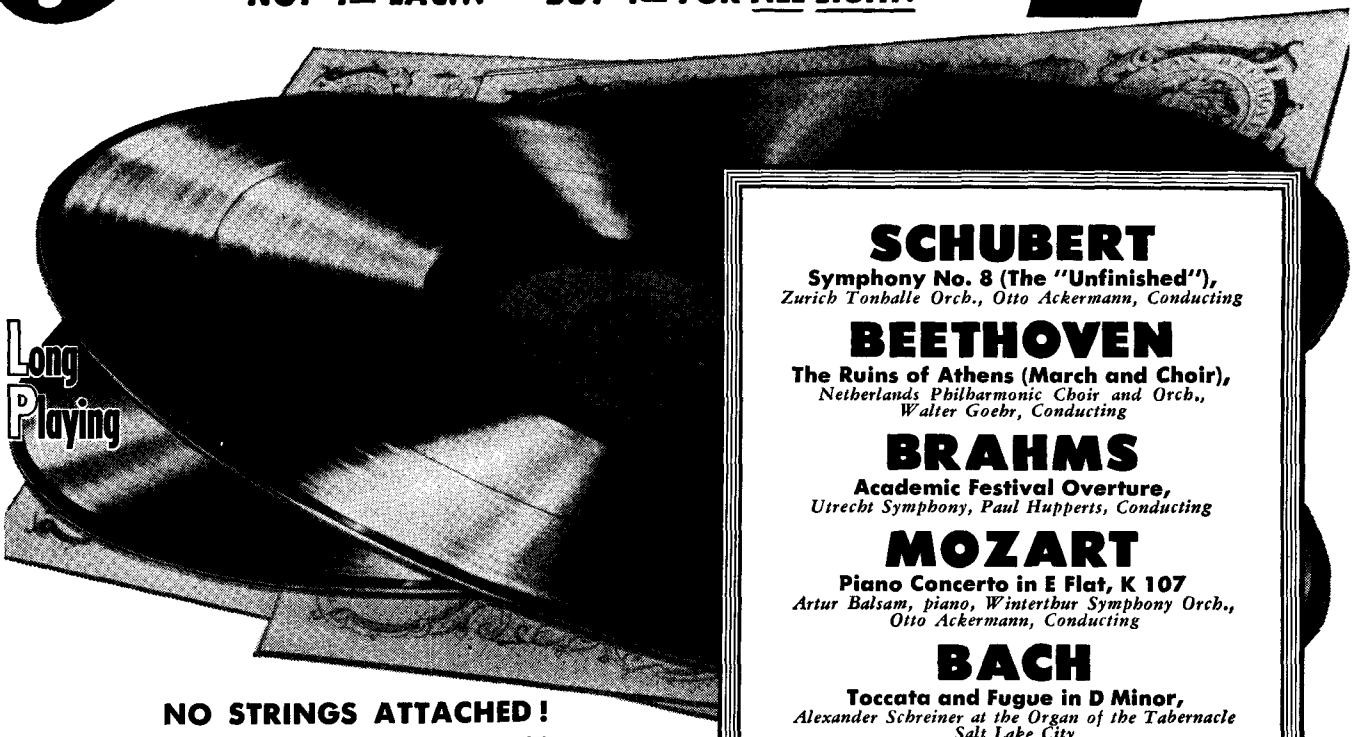

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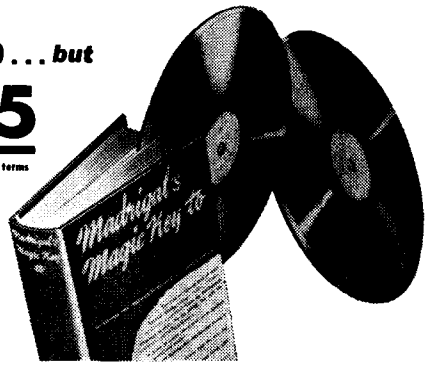

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